

WAR CRY



THE OFFICIAL GAZETTE

OF THE

SALVATION

ARMY IN

CANADA

AND NEWFOUNDLAND.

VOL. X. NO. 22. [William Booth, General of the S. A. Forces throughout the world.]

TORONTO, MARCH 3, 1894.

HERBERT H. BOOTH,

[Commissioner for Canada and Newfoundland.]

PRICE 5 CENTS.

THE WESTERN PROVINCE.

BRIGADIER MARGETTS.

VICTORY IN THE WEST!

Brigadier Margetts Reports a Hallelujah Tour. Sinners Getting Converted and Soldiers Sanctified.

WILLIAM AND PEARL DEDICATED.

A Splendid Budget of Soul-Saving News.



THE ROCKIES.

THE officers and cadets who are stationed in Winnipeg, and I, spent a most happy and profitable hour and a half together in prayer and counsel, the day previous to my DEPARTURE for the present trip. God drew near unto us, inspiring our souls with fresh faith and zeal, to make our efforts more effectual in pulling men out of the fire.

We also took advantage of the few minutes' stay at the Portage, Carberry, and Brandon depots, to get a chat in the interests of the war, and say "God bless you" to our comrades, Westcott, Captain Smith, and Adjutant Magee, who are still planning and pushing away to upset the devil's kingdom.

Arrived MESSINON 8:50 P.M. Looked up and down the depot platform two or three times, hoping to see a Salvationist of any description. Not one to be seen. Went direct to the barracks, which was dark and empty. HUSTED up the Officers' quarters, to find no one at home. Tried to effect an entrance at doors both in front and at rear of building, but to no purpose. After some more searching, found Captain Flaws and the "faithful few" just at the tail end of a

COTTAGE PRAYER MEETING.

Just in time to give my testimony and have a word of prayer, etc., with them. Had a nice time the following night, but on account of having to catch the train our meeting was somewhat spoiled.

COTTAGE MEETINGS. Why don't we do more in this line? Many a sinner has been convicted, many a soul saved, and many a saint sanctified as the direct or indirect result of red hot cottage meetings. I am hoping to hear of something being accomplished in this way before many days have passed by, and am



believing to introduce some of these useful gatherings before I finish this trip.

Train arrived on time at MOON JAW—4 a.m. Had a good time here. Two ~~BUCKLES~~ volunteered for salvation. One home, at least, is all the happier for that meeting, for has not brother S.—been praying and longing to see his wife converted for some time past, and did not the Lord on this occasion answer prayer? I was rejoiced also to hear that they had had two souls during the week previous.

We have been trying for a long time to get an opening at ESKIMO. Our kind and faithful Brother Dabbin has been on the alert, and was down at the depot at 1 a.m., to bring us the latest news.

BROTHER AND SISTER DOUGLAS, late of Westville, N.Y., but now of Medicine Hill, were also at that station two nights after words about the same hour and on the same errand. God bless these kind and interested friends.

We put in Saturday and Sunday at Calgary, where Captain Coover and Lieutenant Karp have recently taken command. The band men and local officers were commissioned here, and I had the pleasure of dedicating to God and His Salvation Army war, little WILLIAM and PEAKY DANIEL.

Three things I was pleased with in the Calgary band:

1. They have improved remarkably in their playing since the last visit.

2. They love souls apparently as much as they do their instruments, and they certainly go for both MUSIC AND SOULS with all their heart. This is as it should be. Rest at it, dear bandmen; hold on to the one and don't neglect the other.

3. They were most all in the regulation uniform; the remainder I hope to see in this very soon.

A few tough battles were fought with our enemies here, not, however, without some good results: you knowers seeing the BLESSING of a tame heart, and PUNK CUTTING FOR MEN.

A practical scheme was also suggested as a means towards getting a new barracks, about which something more is to be done at my return visit at end of February.

We had the train at 1 a.m. for VERNON. The ride through the mountains the next day was lovely. What unsightly eyes can behold the wonderfulness of nature getting an enjoyment of the grandeur of our country while in His care? I have not time to describe this ever interesting sight, nor could I do the task anything like justice even if I had. Those MOUNTAINS AND GLACIERS, and rivers and ravines, and gorges and valleys, all arrayed in "beautiful snow," and a bright, warm sun shining upon them with a bright blue sky, so as a mine of elastic capacity, wherein to dive for all kinds of instruction and inspiration to the soul. My Father's handiwork is great.

The snow at the Glacier House measured seven feet deep.

I was expecting to be met at Silcox's Junction by Captain Jarvis and a rig. A wise to lead, however, announced that a "rig is impossible," so I have to content myself with staying here from Monday night till Wednesday morning. Pen and ink will keep me going though. Thank God for the opportunity the Salvation Army gives me for working for Jesus one way or another.

A rather lengthy and urgent letter has been sent to every F. O., urging special efforts to be made during this month of February to make an advance in three items particularly:

- 1. Kneecap.
- 2. Cartridges.
- 3. WAR CARS sold.

As the outcome of this we naturally expect a proportionate increase of souls. Why should the fact that the thermometer registers a few degrees lower at this time of year than at other seasons prevent God's soldiers from assembling to pray for the salvation of souls? Does Satan relinquish any of his strategies to destroy because of this? Has the service of sin any the less attraction to the sinner because of frost and snow? Is the half-truth, or lie, or falsehood, calculated to any advantage? I do. Do the fins of hell not say the less furiously to these than others? These, comrades, in God's name, lay you and me up more steep, and instead of indulging between the blankets, run faster to the meeting, and rather than freeze up a bit on the soul-saving line, let us pile on the fuel of prayer and stir up our soul to save the souls of those around us by more determined, desperate and deadly conflict.

CANDIDATES. We must have more. It is no use you holding back any longer. The day is short; the night is near. Sons AND DAUGHTERS IN SIN. You are destroying and destroying the best of the young, and robust, and intelligent men and women of our day; he is trying to do you, if you are living in disobedience to God's will. Disobedience, if continued in, will damn your poor soul. In the light of the judgment day; in the light of A PLUNDER.

PROFOF SAROON. When you are, every day, wronging; in the light of the judgment God has given, and for which you will have to give account; and in the light of a long, dark, cold, bitter, blighting eternity of hell or a beautiful, happy, glorious, eternal vision of heaven's joy; what are you going to do?

We expect to have a four or five days big meetings, continuing off and on, throughout the night, evenings, besides for services, on Friday evening, about the latter part of March, in Brandon, and are believing that it will result in a glorious soul-swinging, sanctifying, and inspiring issue. Begin to pray about it. Officers and soldiers, will you?

J. E. M.

Emerson Circle Corps.

We have had a long, hard pull, but it is a "long haul,"—the old saying goes—"turn a turn." Thank God, we have come to the turn, and just as we get round the corner.

TWO SOULS SICKENED BY ATTEMPT.

Glory to God.

We had a glorious time yesterday at North and South Indians. Full houses. Sergeant-Major of Shanghaiberry, from Calais, and also Brother Casper, were with us in the afternoon. They hit out from the shoulder, as did Brother White, and a lot of others. Now, then, let us stick to the main line: let our motto be the Brigadiers:—"Pray your way through."

Captain Will HENRY.

Carberry.

Lieutenant Gibson took Wallwood and Dempsey's Brigadier, and says he had good success. Sergeant Fuller goes with him. Sergeant-Major Davidson, in his Jack, and Sergeant Livingston, went with me to Arimo to move things, and the result was

SEVEN WERE SAVED.

and we did three days real, solid visiting, which brought abundant blessing upon ourselves, and I believe upon the people. The Sergeant-Major met with one man who used to do the step dance to his violin music, but is now saved. The people were kindness itself, and God bless them, we are expecting to be there again soon.

Came back in a Manitoba bazaar, with some profit, lived better and better given to us. Expecting a big fire-to-night if Adjutant Magee and Captain Elliott can only get here, for it is showing a veritable himself.—Captain Bob STURZ.

[Hallelujah! Tell us the number of souls next report, Captain Bob.]

Calgary.

I have some beautiful news this morning. We had Brigadier Margotte, with us on Saturday and Sunday.

The Saturday night our meeting was one of power. God did bless our souls, and I believe spoke very loudly to the spirits. Our bandmen and local officers were commended.

On Sunday, our knee-drill was a most glorious sight; God's presence was very much felt. Hallelujah! Our holiness meeting was the crowning touch, when

TWO RUCKLENS CAME HOME again to their loving Heavenly Father, Who, we believe, has received them again; and

TWO COMPRADES FOR SANCTIFICATION.

Our afternoon meeting was grand. The Rukle spoke with great energy and power. Praise God and the Lamb for ever. The people were brought face to face with things of eternity, and the salvation of their souls. The meeting was without any visible result, but I believe eternity will reward a work done; for God says: "His Word will not return unto Him void." A glorious meeting at night, when

TWO NEW RUCKLENS WERE WELCOMED HOME

by our loving Saviour. Our corps is getting on splendidly. Hallelujah! We have had a half cent reduced by one hundred and fifty dollars per year. Glory to God.—Sergeant H. SAWYER.

Captain Coover had a grand meeting on Wednesday night, and the people responded magnificently, bringing from a bag of flour down to a bag of gold. May God bless the money raised in Carberry, and may the people who they would make good soldiers.—D. R. R.

[We had a second excellent report from Carberry, signed "D. R. R.," but of course could only use one.—Ed.]

Seven Seekers. Hallelujah!

VICTORIA, B.C.—Once again we can report victory and souls, seven having knelt at our penitent-form since last report. Great changes are taking place on all sides. Lieutenant Gedding has left as for New Westminster. A large crowd turned out to her

FAREWELL MEETING.

The Sergeant-Major gave us his original fare well song, which went with a swing, everybody joining in the chorus:

"Keep on ever true, Lord."

After the meeting, a march was formed,

headed by the brass band, and Lieutenant was escorted down on the a.m. Premier. We loved her very much, but pray that God will continue to bless her labors as He has done in Victoria.

CAPTAIN THIRTY-NINE.

who for the past six or seven months has been "mothering" the Reson Home, is under marching orders for the East. Victoria soldiers and friends all wish her God-speed. May she be blessed and made a blessing in this, her new appointment.

CAPTAIN FITZPATRICK

has arrived to take her place, and also open a Children's Shelter in connection with the Reson Work. We are believing that God will use her mightily in this branch of work in Victoria.

Ere this is in print, we shall have once more welcomed our Provincial Secretary to our corps. These days special meetings are being arranged, and wonderful times are expected. Look out for news in the coming reports.—ANNE E. REILLY, Special Correspondent.

Morden.

The work is on the rise here. Hall full on Sunday. Two ladies enrolled. Platform crowded and one soul lost last night.—Captain O'KEEHL.

Prince Albert.

The Prince Albert Corps have to thank God for victory during the last fortnight. They have seen THREE SOULS taken from the ranks of the devil and enlisted under the Great Captain. They are treating, and in faith believing, that these are only the forerunners of many more who will dare to cast their all on the altar. Revival services are being held in this town at present, and are helping to show the evidence, which is such a spiritual and physical characteristic of this place.—T. A. MAHERVIEZ, Special Correspondent.

A Grand Sight.

KEEPAWA, MAN.—Free concerts in the Town Hall, these past two weeks, have seriously interfered with the crowds, but thank God they finished the night before the visit of our D.O., so that we breathed freer at the prospect of a good crowd for the Adjutant, who is to be with us for the Wednesday and Thursday. The weather being fine, our leader, accompanied by Captain Cromarty, from Rapid City, and Brother Karl, from Brandon, arrived in good time on Wednesday. An enjoyable meeting was held in the evening; the fire crowd filled the barracks, and the Adjutant, with his aides, as well as the platform and audience, were enabled to bring the session of eternity before the people.

On Thursday, a large load of comrades from Winchcombe (the outfit) drove in for the meeting at night. An announcement of recruits was the announcement for this meeting. Twenty-one fell in line for the march; fifteen with cornet, trombone, drums and bugle, made the people of the town aware that something special was on at the Salvation Army. The barracks filled up nicely as the meeting went on. After the reading of the lesson by Captain Cromarty and singing by Mrs. Elliott, the District Officer called out the names of

ELVEN COMRADES WHO WERE TO BE ENROLLED.

Severed to the front of the platform; the other four remaining in the meeting, or unable to be on the platform, wished to be enrolled just the same. The rules were read, and it was really a grand sight to see these comrades being enrolled and the flag waving over their heads; two of whom were of the converts recently saved at the outfit. Much conviction was felt in the meeting, and

ONE SOUL

was found at the penitent-form, whence he arose after a while and testified as to having received what he went for.—Captain Jon and Mrs. Elliott.

Salvation! Hooray!

Souls saved at WINCHESTER? Yes, Hallelujah! Truly the Lord has visited this locality and poured out His Spirit upon the people. Mrs. E.—was just put in a walk at this outfit, and God has wonderfully blessed her efforts.

NINE SIN-SICK SOULS

boldly came to the penitent-form for pardon, and

NINETEEN FOR SANCTIFICATION,

during the week. In her visiting during the day, she was much helped and blessed, and was enabled by God to lay the truth plainly before those whom she visited, with the result above. Several of these comrades have already announced their intention to become Salvation Army soldiers. May God bless them. What with the extra duty of so much visiting during the day and meetings every night, Mrs. E.—was very much fatigued, and she was dancing-happy through it all, and seemed that she was *always* repaid by this amount of success. Glory to God in the highest.

Captain and Mrs. Elliott, down town.

Stray Thoughts and Sayings.

COLLECTED BY J. H. MERRITT.

What a beautiful thought—though not a new one—when the woman with the line of blood was healed, it is recorded that THROB surrounded the Master, but only the ONE touched Him with the hand of faith. As a result, we only read of being cured.

Another thought is, this woman had no trouble to get healed when once she touched the hem of His garment, but the great difficulty was in passing through the throng.

It strikes me that the same state of affairs exist to day. Among the hundreds we surround the penitent-form, and attend Army service, if we judge from the results, there are very few who touch Him with the touch of faith that causes victory to go out from His hand and heal them of their sins.

A parallel to the second idea, I have often thought that in S. A. meetings the front seats are so monopolized by thong of these hangers-on, who come to see that in to be seen, hear all that is to be heard, criticize all that can be criticized, that the people who are really anxious to find the Saviour are crowded into the back seats and have to struggle to get to the penitent-form to be saved. If I was asked the reason so few strangers attend some Army meetings, I would say it was because there are so many of this class who have attended so long, and stood so many Gospel shots that they seem to be professed against every power and influence, and, therefore, they get right up to the front, and form a barrier to getting others saved. If you want to hit anyone else, you have to fire over their heads, and if you want to get anyone to the penitent-form, you have to drag them over their foot.

As a remedy for the above, I would suggest that officers and soldiers turn their guns upon this broadsheet of the devil, and make it so hot for the mighty host of hangers-on and hard-shelled sinners that if they will not get out of the way of coming to get saved, they will get offended and quit the building. In this way these heel-shells will only be continuing on their journey to hell, as they are already doing, and their absence from the front seats will give us a chance to bring other people within shorter range of the gospel, and also make the way closer to the penitent-form.

I heard a nice illustration of the way some people trust God for their soul's salvation. A little child, who had been given a slip of a flower, planted it in the ground, expecting it to grow. Instead, however, of leaving it there and waiting patiently for it to strike root and develop, the child kept pulling the slip up and looking to see if there were any roots sprouting. The result was that the slip died, and the child lost what, but for her impatience, would have become a nice plant.

Is not this the case with lots of young converts? They come to the penitent-form, form the sin, seek pardon, and receive the witness of the spirit; but instead of waiting till they grow in grace and in the knowledge of their Lord and Saviour, they get over-anxious and want to see the fruit before the tree has had time to grow. In other words, these young converts expect in a day or so to understand as well, and to be able to do and stand so much as a Christian who has been serving God for years. Paul said: "When I was a child I spake as a child, thought as a child, and it would be well for all young converts to learn this lesson. First the child, then the ear, then the full corn doth appear."

The same idea applies to the peace and joy. The work of righteousness is peace, and the effect of righteousness is quietness and assurance forever. If, then, a person expects to reap the fruits, he must first do the works of righteousness, and then fail to find either. God will impact His righteousness to any and all who truly seek Him, and the fruit of His Spirit in ALL is love, joy, peace, etc.; but He will never, indeed can never give to any the peace and joy of His righteousness without they truly forsake sin and become willing to receive His Spirit and do His will.

When the leper said to the Lord, "If thou sollict me thou canst make me clean," that "canst" implied, not only a belief in Christ's power to cleanse, but also a perfect willingness on his part to be cleansed. The trouble with many to day is, while they may believe in Christ's power, they themselves lack the willingness.

DEATH CONSECRATION.

Notes of an Address by Mr. W. Brinsford Booth, the Chief of the International Staff.

I want to begin by saying that I feel God has given my own soul a rich blessing. I feel like my little child. When my dearest soul and I went home last night she went upstairs into her bed-room, and found our second child, little Mary, three years old, awake. She was kind of half-asleep. She took her up in her arms and kissed her, and said, "Mary, I have given you quite away to Jesus to-night." Mary opened her eyes, looked up into her mother's face, and said,

"Oh, Mamma, it is nice!"

So I feel to-night that I can look up into my Father's face, and I can say to Him, "Aba, Father, it is nice to be saved." Therefore I want to acknowledge before Him, to His praise and glory, that I believe He has given me a rich, big blessing in my own soul, and I will ask everybody to shout "Hallelujah!" for the blessing which has come to me—not for yourselves this time, but everybody for me! (The audience then responded with a shout.) Now you shall say "Hallelujah!" for yourselves altogether. (Another similar response from the audience.)

It is the Cross, now, that God wants to lead us up to. The scheme, the idea, the purpose, the plan of our redemption was not merely to accomplish the salvation of our souls—the salvation of my soul—but the underlying idea of the redeeming scheme was that He might lead us up. What for? To be followers of Christ. He was to be the first-born of many brethren. He was to tread the wine-press alone; He was to go to Gethsemane and Calvary; He was to be a man of sorrows and suffering; and He carries and burdens and agonies not for His own sins, but on account of the sins of others.

He was to be the first-born of many brethren, in order to lead the way, in order to make the road plain, to make the path straight; so that we, poor and ignorant as the world is pleased to think us, and weak and feeble, and full of infirmities, might be able to follow in His footsteps; that we might be able to accomplish—to fill up, if I may say it—till up the measure of His suffering for a sinning world, and to bear about in our bodies the marks of His sufferings, and to testify with our lives, and to give evidence by our lives, of the power of Divine love for a lost and perishing world. Then, my dear comrades, my brethren and sisters, I tell you to-night that that being God's purpose,

He is *Blessedly Able to Carry it Out*.

This is God's idea, His plan, His scheme—what He has described. His own words, as being the grand, ultimate, highest end for which He has created and redeemed every soul in this place, in this vast audience. Oh, may God bring us up to it!

I have been thinking as I sat here of this sacrifice—this giving ourselves for the salvation of others; how is it to be accomplished? How are we going to get the power to make that sacrifice? We want to make it. I have looked into some of your faces to-night. On the corridors, in this place to-day, I have felt that I could see in you a longing and yearning desire to accomplish something more for the salvation of men and the glory of God. I have seen it there, to-night, while talking to you. I see portrayed on your faces, I read in your countenances, that you want to do something for this risen Jesus, for this Christ, this Man of Sorrows, who took the cup and drank it. I feel that your hearts are searched, and moved, and broken within you, with a longing desire to do something for a perishing world. You want to do it, yet you don't realize the power to make that sacrifice. You want to be above those marks of His death; you want to fill up the measure of His suffering; you want to realize the power of His resurrection; you want to accomplish mighty things for the fallen and stricken through which the Divine electricity still passes from the throne of God, and from the heart of Christ to the down-trodden, fallen, suffering, and sinful world.

How are You to do it?

There comes into my mind the recollection

of a sight I saw some time ago. I was visiting one of our soldiers, a woman with a husband and five or six little children, who was dying. I had known her a little when she was up and about. I went to go and see her, and I went. She was a good woman, a dear child of Jesus Christ; an honest, laborious, industrious child of God, who, I believe, so far as I had opportunity of observing, served Him up to the measure of light she had with a single eye, and did her best to promote the objects He had at heart. Yet she was one of those people that served in sadness. She served Him with very little of that abounding joy of which he spoke to us this morning. When she was dying they asked me to go and see her. I went several times. There was a good soldier nursing her. I went up into the small house she had in the east of London. At my first visit she seemed very sad and very quiet. I got very little answer to my enquiries about her soul, about her children, and about how she felt. The next visit she seemed still more gloomy, and still more inclined to doubt the power of God and the power of Christ to deliver.

and I said to her, "I see that our sister is in a better condition of mind to-day. How is it? What is the change?" "What has brought about the change?" "Oh," she said, "it was about two o'clock yesterday morning, when she got up in bed and had all the children taken up and brought round her bed. She gave them all to God one by one; then she gave her husband to God; then she said to me, 'Now I have let all go, now I can trust my God,' and the glory came into her soul." I saw her again afterwards. She lived some time after that. I found no departure of the joy, and the peace, and the satisfaction, the confidence in the realization of the presence of God; the present realization of a burning light in her own breast that shone upon the darkness of the cold waters as she went over, resplendent and triumphing in the power of the presence of a triumphant

When I talked to her she said, "O, Mr. Brinsford, I don't care now whether I live or die. I have given my husband to the Lord; I have given my children to the Lord; they are all gone, the Lord has got them. I can leave them with the Lord,

real, literal, absolute, unconditional; of all your possessions into the hands of Almighty Jesus, then He will take possession.

Will you do it now? There are you, children, your business, your time. Low man, we want men. You, young women we want women. We, do I say? Christ wants them! Young man, you ought to be an officer. Young woman, you ought to go to the heathen. You officers here, who have given God something, but have not given Him all. God wants all. Shall He have all? I tell you, it must be a real thing.

That dear woman had sung many consecration songs, been to many a holiness meeting, but she had not come up to the point of making a full consecration, and therefore she never had the glory, and peace, and triumph, and confidence, and victory that comes from the real yielding of ourselves, and all we are, to God. When you make that consecration, then the power to sacrifice yourself, the power to show forth the death of Jesus, the power to boast in Christ crucified,

The Power to Despise the Shame,

will be yours. That is what made Jesus do it. He came to the death consecration in that garden with the bloody sweat streaming from His precious brow. His heart broken with the world's sin. He knelt on the ground and said, "Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from Me—if it be possible, let the world be saved without this suffering—but not My will but Thine be done."

That was death consecration. And then He despised the shame, and endured the cross because He saw the glory which should be revealed hereafter. Come, this is the accepted time to begin a new life of victory, joy, peace and power. God bless and help you! Amen!

My Covenant.

I promise I will be true. I will not betray Thy interests, or sell Thee for gain or pain. I want to tell Thee, dear Jesus, that Thou canst rest on me in sorrow or sunshine, loss or gain, peace or war, life or death. And I will also be true to my comrades. I will try to love and serve them as Thou hast loved me. I will seek to cover their faults and forgive their unkindness. I will pray over their weaknesses, and weep over their sins, and so I will prove my love to Thee by the love I bear to my brethren and sisters.

QUOTATION FROM "MY COVENANT FOR 1884," BY MRS. HERBERT BOOTH.

I went the third time. This time I was so satisfied that the time of departure was at hand, that I felt I must make a determined effort to get some light and liberty into her soul. I prayed—and prayed again. Still there seemed to be no little response! She wept, her husband wept, the older children, which I had brought into the room, wept: the comrade who was nursing them wept, and we all wept together. It seemed hard; it seemed as if the light, so much wanted, did not come. I was puzzled and did not know what to do. At last I sent them all out of the room, and I had some talk with her by myself. I could not understand her, as she seemed to be in such difficulty about something; however, I prayed again with her alone, and left some words of counsel, the best I could give.

When I went again (the visit was the last but one I made), as soon as I got on the stairs which led to her chamber, the door was open, and I heard her singing in feeble tones, which you were full of life and joy,

"Blessed be God."

As I climbed the stairs I met the purse,

and it does not matter whether I get well, or whether I die." She triumphed, and went down into the river.

With Songs on Her Lips and Joy upon Her Face.

"Ah," you say, "that was a death joy, that was a death glory, that was a death liberty, that was a death blessedness." Yes, right you are; but what brought it? It was a death consecration; it was that blessed letting-go of friends of time, of husband, of children, and possessions, and life, and death, and embracing the blessed will of God; and saying, "Lord, whether I live or die, Thy will be done." Now, what you want is to get the power to make that sacrifice. That is what you want; you need not wait till you come to die.

Our Jesus is the Saviour of the living. You need not wait till the fingers of death are upon your heart, and your time is gone, and nothing but the reckoning day left; you need not wait till then. You can have this liberty now; but you must make the death consecration; you must come to the end of yourself; you must make this

This life of self and selfish desire, as it is manifest in those whose hearts are not entirely sanctified, will appear in its true aspect if it is placed in contrast with the life of perfect love and full assurance of faith, which is the privilege of every reader of these words. The life of self has its centre in the creature; the life of faith finds its central attraction and anchorage in the Creator. Earth and earthly joys and comforts and properties are ever before the one; it is the voice of the human crying out to be satisfied with the human. To the other, God alone appears sufficient. Faith sees in the fulness of God all the soul can need, and she seeks and finds.

The soul that lives the selfish life lives in an ever-changing experience. It attaches itself to the changing elements around it—creature good, worldly advantage, human kindnesses; these things change, and so the unsanctified soul goes up and down also—light and shadow, strength and weakness, the warmth and glow of love and the barrenness and coldness of doubt follow one another so quickly that real progress is impossible. In the life of faith all is fixed on God and His favor; all looks in the same direction, and as He changes not the soul that so loves abides in Him, under His wings, in the secret of His strength, in the holy place of His purity and His presence.

And the life of selfish desire is a life of struggle and conflict. It must be satisfied by laying hold first of this and that passing pleasure or fleeting consolation. Sorrows sometimes lead the soul to God, but often to trust in some poor created thing, some broken discern of its own, and all life is a weary strife. The soul that lives by

Old Whitechapel

FRIDAY NIGHTS'

Again in Evidence.

: alone, is at rest in God. He is watered in life's desert, and is quenched; he has learned that God is light, and he walks no darkness. He sees the wide sea no more, he has anchored in the n of eternal rest—in God Himself. Few more beautiful lessons on this aspect. full salvation can be found than the one enfored by the following touching allegory, written by a devoted German divine of the fourteenth century. It is supposed to be, in a figure, the story of his own experience.

Dr. Teller's Testimony:-

There was once a learned man who longed and prayed full eight years that God would show him someone to teach him the way of truth. And on a time, as he was in a great longing, there came unto him a voice from heaven, and said, "Go to the front of the church, there will thou find a man that shall show thee the way to blessedness."

So thicker he went, and found there a poor man, whose feet were torn, and covered with dust and dirt, and all his apparel worn three hellers' worth. He greeted him saying,

"God give thee good morrow." Thereat made he answer,

"I never had an ill morrow."

Again he said, "God prosper thee."

The other answered, "Never had I ought but prosperity."

"Heaven save thee," said the scholar, "how answerest me so?"

"I was never other than saved."

"Explain to me this, for I understand not."

"Willingly," quoth the poor man. "Thee wilest me good morrow. I never had an ill morrow, for am I hungry, I praise God; am I freezing, doth it chill, snow, rain, is it fair weather or foul, I praise God; and therefore had I never ill morrow! Then did say, 'God prosper thee.' I have never been unprosperous, for I know how to live with God; I know that when I doth is best, and what God giveth or en布ith for me, be it pain or pleasure, then I take cheerfully from Him as the best of all, and so I never had real adversity. A man's life consisteth not in the things he possesseth. Then without God to bless me, I, I was never unblessed, for I desire to be only in the will of God, and I have so given up my will to the will of God, that what God willeth I will."

"But if God were to cast thee into hell," said the scholar, "what wouldest thou do then?"

"Cast me into hell? His goodness holds His look therem. Yet if He did, I should have two arms to embrace Him whilom. One arm is tree bonying, and therewith am I one with His holy manhood. And with the right arm of love, I would join with His holy Godhead, and embrace Him; so He must come with me into hell likewise. And, even so, I would sooner be in hell and have God, than to heaven and not have Him."

Then understood this Master that true abandonment of self was the nearest way to God.

Moreover, the Master asked: "From whence comest thou?"

"From God."

"Where hast thou found God?"

"Where I abandoned all creatures. I am a king. My kingdom is my soul. All my power, wishes and without do homage to my Lord. This kingdom is greater than any kingdom on the earth."

"What way hath brought thee to this perfection?"

"Obedience, my heavenly thoughts, my union with God. For I could rest in nothing less than God. Now I have found God, and have everlasting rest and joy in Him."

"Oh, ye and learn this lesson of the Cross: And tread the way which leads and preaches true, who, counting life, and self, and all things less, have found in inward death the Life of God."

THE LATEST!

The Commandant receives most loyal welcome from his Windsor troops. Glorious time Sunday. Several souls for Salvation. Marriage of Ensign Moore and Lieutenant Corniel Monday night. Presbyterian church gorge. Overpowering time. Tuesday night at Chatham. Marriage of two soldiers in the Opera House. The happy ceremony most happily performed.

BRIGADIER HOLLAND, A.D.C.

Apology of our Editorial, headed "Holiness" in last week's issue, and in confirmation of the strong statement that was then made respecting the Chief of Staff's Friday evening, holiness meetings at Whitechapel in '80 and '81, viz., that the spiritual atmosphere of those meetings was felt throughout the world, we are glad to be able to cite the case of the

Rev. Spencer Walton,

who occupies the very important position of director of the South African Mission, which has seventy workers (or, as we should say, officers), and has carried its operations 1,200 miles into the interior of Africa.

This gentleman has been one of the most prominent speakers at the great Missionary Conference held recently at Toronto, and while addressing a splendid audience in the

Metropolitan Church

gave a good, sound testimony to the Army's work. Said the reverend gentleman:—

"You ask how I was converted? I will tell you. It was at the Salvation Army. I thank God for the Army."

The War Cry, desirous of knowing the particulars of this glorious conversion, which has, and is, working such widespread blessing, sent a representative to interview Mr. Walton, at the residence of Mr. Kilpatrick, in Bloomsbury Street, on Monday morning last.

The Rev. Spencer Walton is a young man of medium height, fair complexion, and looks about thirty years of age. There is nothing clerical in his appearance; on the contrary, he gives out the impression of being just a simple city business man, which is accounted for by the fact, that previous to taking holy orders, he was a merchant in London.

"Come in, come in," and Mr. Walton to our representative, in a bright, cheery style, "make yourself comfortable." Then the reverend gentleman commenced a recapitulation of his Salvation Army reminiscences, which was just delightful.

"I had an excellent training, you know," said he, "in those early days of '80 and '81. That was before the Army had developed into uniform, as you have it now. I know Mr. Broadbent Booth well. I never have felt such power in any meetings as there was in those. I have seen men outside the doors of Old Whitechapel a string of engineers waiting the return of their aristocratic owners from the meeting; while inside the hall many of those West End sculls were broken down by the power of God, and became thorough Christians."

"You had been engaged in Christian work previous to your visits to Whitechapel, Mr. Walton?"

"Oh, yes; I had had seven years evangelizing-work. I just went there as an orthodox Christian, and on that account, somewhat prejudiced; but Mr. Broadbent's teaching was very pointed, and his speaking most powerful. I went there consecutive Friday evenings, and on the third occasion I surrendered my all; I gave in: I was calling for God to have all His own way with me, and at the Army postulant form I received a glorious filling of the Holy Ghost—a full salvation."

"Hallelujah!" responded our interviewer.

"There were wonderful happenings in those days," went on Mr. Walton. "An East-end factory girl stood up and just stripped the feathers from her hat. Then the Rev. Algernon Ryde, an Anglican churchman, who was very highly connected, got fully sanctified at the Army postulant form; he went back to his church and sat his pugil station. The Lord told him to wear the fashionables of Rotten Row; so the Rev. Algernon Ryde went down that celebrated parade of fashion in the very height of the season, with a board at the end of his umbrella, on which was conspicuously written the words, 'Jesus says, "they will not come unto Me that they might have life.'" The West-enders were so amazed at this that they positively howled at the sight.

"After receiving the blessing," I visited the Army in other places. I was present at the openings of the Grange and your Clapton Congress Hall. Then, on one occasion I went to Bristol. The Captain was ill."

"Was the Captain 'Happy George'?"

"Yes," replied Mr. Walton, "that was his name—'Happy George'."

"Dear old George," chimed in our interviewer, "I was his Lieutenant once."

"Ah, where is he?"

"Still an officer in the Army, but I regret to say at the present time very ill."

"Well, I marched there through the streets, and got pelted with cabbages, as was usual in those days. George did his best, but his voice was gone. We had at the close a penitent-form crammed with penitents"—(interrupted by our man).

"You were Captain of the Army that day?"

"Yes."

"Then I attended the late Mrs. Booth's meetings in Princess Hall, Finsbury, generally sitting near her on the platform. About this time, too, I had some glorious revival meetings at King's Lynn and Dub-

"You know the Salvation Army in South Africa?"

"Yes; the South African Mission is on very good terms with the Salvation Army. Your Social work there is excellent. The Government, which is a Conservative one, has just granted the Army \$1,000 per year towards their Social work. The Rev. Andrew Murray, Moderator of the Dutch Reformed Church, known the world over through his excellent books, is a great friend of the Army. His eldest daughter is a Staff-Captain in the Army's ranks."

Our representative had risen to go. The little chit was abounding. All too soon the bell over the porch was rung. A warm grasp of the hand between them.

"Good-bye," said Mr. Walton. "I know Mr. Herbert Booth well. Be sure and give him my love. I intend to call on Edinburgh on my way through the States."

Every dove of Jesus who reads these words, will my wish with the Cut Staff, "God bless; has consoled and uplifted servant of Christ, and multiply through him the effects of that baptism received at the old Whitechapel Friday night meeting."

J. C.



"CYMBAL BILL."

A Soldier's Life and a Soldier's Death.

"Acknowledged by June, confirmed an His own. Transferred to glory to sit on His Throne."

OUR BROTHER, W.H. SWERDFOOT (Happy Bill), who passed away on February 3rd, lived a glorious soldier's life, died a triumphant soldier's death, and received a salvation soldier's funeral.

He was a brother to John, a son of Mr. and Mrs. Swerdfoot, a widow, and a widow herself. He was a brother to John, a son of Mr. and Mrs. Swerdfoot, a widow, and a widow herself.

He directed his steps towards the Salvation Army barracks at Riverside; Captain Lewis in charge. He came to but for meetings, before he fell at Jesus' feet, a wounded and convalescent sinner.

A brother recently said, "His conversion was a glorious one. I remember it as it was but yesterday."

He always was himself afterwards, and manifested just as much of that happy, free spirit in the service of God as in that of the devil. His influence for good spread far and wide.

When tempted and harassed by his weaknesses, his answer to them was a "Praise the Lord!" or "Hallelujah!" In the barracks, the love for the unsaved was so great that he could say with truth, "The love of thy heart hath moved me up." On while driving his hallelujah carriage, he, as he loved to call it, through the streets, he had a cheer-up for all. If a sinner stopped on his rig, he never got off without receiving a red-hot salvation shot; in fact, his all was to spread salvation.

About ten months ago, he fell ill, and through trying circumstances, he did not attend so many meetings as before. Since October, he was

Stricken Very Low, and no medical assistance seemed to avail anything.

Gradually he became weaker, and for the last two months was entirely confined to his bed.

His countenance was lit up with the glories of heaven; his eyes sparkled with joy. Many of his old companions visited him; while some were moved to tears as he talked to them of Jesus. Christians went to see him, that they might be inspired.

Once, while I was visiting him, he said,

"Praise the Lord, from day to day, These have changed completely round, Since I got saved in the great S. A."

He looked up, saying, "Captain, why don't you say 'Hallelujah'?" A Christian lady turned to him and said, "It may be well for you to say 'Hallelujah,' but we can only say, 'Thy will be done.'"

On the morning of his death, I visited him, and just as he was about to cross over the river, we prayed, "He being dead, yet speaketh."

The funeral service was very impressive, as different persons, especially the Rev. Dr. Thomas and Ensign Phillips, spoke of his life and death. The procession, headed by the Riverside band and corps, made its way to Mount Pleasant Cemetery, where our brother's remains had been laid beside those of other salvation warriors, who had gone before.

Our memorial service was well attended. Many wept, and the word soon shall bring forth fruit.

CAPTAIN H. C. BANKS.

THE CHILDREN'S SHELTER.

We want to express our gratitude to the gentleman who recently called on Mrs. Booth, and left her a

Twenty-five Dollar Cheque for the work amongst the little ones in the Children's Shelter.

It was very gladly received, for it came to Mrs. Booth as a definite answer to prayer, for some much needed articles of furniture, etc., including the following:—

- 1 Double Bed (for Officers).
- 1 Wash Stand.
- 3 Iron Beds (small).
- 2 Little Tables.
- 1 Chest of Drawers.

May the Lord bless the kind giver, who came such a long way through the bitter cold, to hand Mrs. Booth this donation.

FOR THE

Easter War Cry.

WE INVITE SPECIAL CORRESPONDENTS, OFFICERS, and all persons interested in our Canadian War Cry, to send along something to help make the Easter Number of the Cry the brightest, most sparkling, and best ever published in the Dominion.

Hurry up, please.

Eastern Province.

BRIGADIER JACOBS.

More Victories! Glorious Conversions!

Staff-Captain Tells a Tale.

I left St. John's on the small steamer, "Bridgewater," and crossed the Bay of Fundy on my trip to Yarmouth. When we got on to the Bay I found things were a little more lumpy than I expected, and I got considerably more ride than I paid for, which ended in my being very wet. We arrived at Digby safely, and I took the train for Yarmouth. I was met by George Gage, who had time for some supper, then went to the open-air, which was a great poor affair. Seven brothers and sisters lifted Christ to the best of their ability; we had a very good crowd, and everything went with a swing, both outside and in. Of course Captain Knight was there, busy putting in the runs with his trombone.

At nine o'clock, Sunday morning, about twenty-two of us met to besiege the Throne for souls. We commenced well by getting one to the front right away, who got saved, and turned up well all the day after. One poor girl sat shivering and shaking, and said she knew she was a sinner, and felt the guilt of her sins, but she had made so much profession in the church she belonged to, and she taught in the Sunday school, belonged to the church League, etc.; that if she were to come out people would think her a hypocrite; so she listened to the voice of men rather than to the voice of God, and went away unconverted.

In the holiness meeting

TWO CASE FOR THE REMOVAL OF A CLEAN HEART.

In the afternoon we had a splendid crowd. Everything went with a swing, until the prayer meeting, when the devil sent someone in who had a single off, and who disturbed things generally by causing people to look at his foolish actions, and thus taking away the sinners' mind from their state and conviction. Sunday night the open-air was a very agreeable one; we had a good muster. Inside we had a good crowd, and in the meeting went on it was easy to see the spirit of conviction had taken hold of many hearts. In the prayer-meeting we had the joy of seeing

FOUR SOULS CRYING FOR MERCY.

one man and three women. The young man said he was so convicted of his sins when he heard Brother Allen's testimony that he had to cry for mercy.

Brother Evans, better known as Uncle Joe, was to the front in all the meetings, and seemed to be as full of faith and as happy as he had ever been before. After the meeting, Evans, Gage and I went to visit a sick person, and after going with them we came home, just as we arrived at the open-air, we were arrested by the policeman, who told us that Uncle Joe had just dropped dead in his own house. This was a sad blow to us. Evans and Captain Knight went down to see, and found it was true. I understand his funeral was arranged for Tuesday. A report of this will most likely follow.

Uncle Joe was once one of the biggest drunkards in Yarmouth, and as he stated only on the Sunday night, he had lost all his manhood, and he gave his testimony to what God Almighty had done for him. All Yarmouth seemed to have confidence in him, and although over seventy, he was a great help to the corps, and seldom missed a meeting. He had only missed about six half-drills the several years he had been a soldier. I think this should make some of our younger soldiers more determined not to miss a half-drill. Uncle Joe was an example to young and old. As I left Yarmouth, on the train, I heard two business gentlemen say Uncle Joe had lived a good life, and gone home to heaven, and wished they were only as good as he was. Praise God, He is no respecter of persons, and He is willing to save and sanctify all those who will commit themselves entirely into His hands. If Uncle Joe had been one of the greatest scientists, or one of the most cultured persons, he could not have had a greater influence. This proves how great a power a person might be in spite of poor learning, etc., if they were only disposed to God. I understood during the week

THE CORPS HAD HALVES SOON.

I arrived at Digby and found Captain Edwards had made great arrangements for my visit, and had taken a special boat, at which we had a very fair arrival. Everyone paid their respects to me in the meeting, and we explained what the Salvation Army was, how it had grown, and how it stands at the present time; we also did our level best to lift up Jesus as the only Savior for sinners and remedy for sin. Several were under conviction, but we had to leave them undelivered. I was delighted with the different soldiers at this corps, and am glad to say Captain Edwards is making a move in the right direction, and has had several conversions. Lieutenant Steeples, who is another

the Captain in the circle corps, spent most of his time at Bear River, where he has been

QUOTE A SINGER SAID,

and he seems to be very hopeful of this place.

I went with George Gage to the town from which the great fruit valley of Nova Scotia gets its name, known as An Xavier Royal.

I was taken to one of the

soldiers, and had a good dinner, and after attending to some business, and supper over, went to the barracks, had some prayer, then marched round the town; did not meet a very great crowd of people; however, there were quite a number of people gathered together to them who marched back to the barracks.

Captain Bennett took up the collection at the door, and inside we had a very

good time; things were a little stiff, but we

got a move on, and the Lord blessed us very

much. We finished this service by sending

three recruits, which I hope may be a blessing

to the town. The officers were busy packing

as they were to move to their new appointment.

They have three more soldiers than

they found.

On Thursday night, after a terrible trip

across the Bay of Fundy, I took the meeting

at St. John's. This corps has had some very heavy fighting of late, and many heavy difficulties to surmount, but we have just gone ahead and preached Christ and Him crucified, and

had a good time.

SEVERAL SOULS HAVE GOT SAVED, AND I EN-

THUSED FIVE ENTHUSIASTS.

This is quite an advance, and I believe there are better days in store for this corps. The officers have great faith, and the soldiers are fitting in with whole-hearted devotion.

We are having quite a number of en-

rollments in the East this month, and we are

believing for quite a number of souls to get

saved. This is not all we call a soul-saving and soldier-making team for February. We mean

to push the battle against sin hard as we can.

ALL HANDS TO THE PUMP, OFFICERS AND

SOLDIERS.

—H. BENNETT, Staff-Captain.

HALIFAX II.

Have you heard from me late, we have had

eventual times. God has wonderfully helped

us, and we are greatly encouraged to go on

and do His will. Something like

TWENTY HAVE PROFESSED SALVATION,

and are still in fighting trim.

On January 22d we had with us Staff-Cap-

tain Bennett (Brigadier John's son); and

a proper good time we had. Staff-Captain

came from Lake v. 18, and presented himself to

every heart the great need of sin forgiv-

er, but no one would yield. At the close, some

of the converts took advantage of Staff-Cap-

tain's having a stock of uniform, etc., to re-

plenish their Salvation Army wardrobe, so

that means an order to headquarters, don't it?

Then on February 1st, Halifax, I arrived

backwards with No. II., and we had a good

time, I can tell you.

On February 5th, had a united meeting

with No. I. Don't forget the wedding,

has for a week or so, here the cry.

Whose wedding? Why, our worthy

Sergeant-Major Mills! Having arrived at

years of discretion, made up his mind to take

a partner, and his choice fell on Comrade

Jessie Shorten, and on February 5th,

in the presence of a crowded and

ardent congregation in No. I. barracks

(which housed for the summer) Matthew

Mills and Jessie Shorten were married.

Now, Mr. Pittman, first friend of

the Army, tied the knot, and Staff-Cap-

tain Pittman well read the Army song of mar-

riage. The same was coming in to be

re-enacted, especially by those directly in-

terested. The members of No. II. had pro-

vided a private room in No. II. barracks for

groom and bride, friends, and the soldiers; and a

joyous time was spent. Another Mills and

Jessie Shorten were married.

Now, Mr. Pittman, we are advancing;

the collections are going up, and Captain Alex. in, with God's blessing, proving the right men in the right

place. Praise God for ever.—SCHNEIDER.

Lunenburg, N.S.

We are marching on in the strength of God. On Saturday and Sunday we were favored with a visit from Adjutant Master and Capt. Wm. Watson. Everybody was delighted to see the Adjutant, as he was the opening officer of this corps, some eight years ago, and they all gave him a real good welcome, which made the Adjutant smile. The meetings were well attended, and we felt right thoughts that God was with us. We are yielded to God. It makes our hearts burn. Men whom we realize that people insist on getting off the most im-

portant thing in life, viz., their soul's salvation.

On the Saturday night, or early Sunday morning, someone got into the barracks and cut the heads out of the drums, and carried away the fife, and did some other damage. We feel confident their sins will find them out. Still we mean to fight on, trusting God.

In Jesus, —Captain BENNETT.

Liverpool, N.S.

We have just had a visit from Adjutant Master and Captain Watson, and also Captain Lorier, from Bridgewater. They spent two nights here. The meet rendered by the Adjutant and Captain Watson in the first night's meeting, was especially interesting to a few shipwrecked sailors, who had just escaped a watery grave. The chorus,

"You are drifting, drifting to eternity."

we believe, aroused some sleeping souls. The views of the Social Scheme, which were exhibited, were fairly good, and were well appreciated. We had fair crowds at both meetings, and altogether we spent quite a profitable time.—Lieutenant R. BROWN.

Fredericton, N.B.

This week has been a devil defeating time. God has helped us in a wonderful way.

SEVEN CRIED FOR MERCY.

Hallifax: Officers and soldiers full of the play, and dancing for joy. To God we give all the glory.—Captain A. BARRETT, for Ensign MATTHEWS.

Yarmouth.

Staff Captain Bennett paid his first visit to Yarmouth on the 2nd and 4th inst. All the meetings were good, but the most results were seen in Sunday night's meeting, when

SEVEN ACCEPTED GOD'S FAVOR.

One, amidst tears and sobs, said that, though she had been trying to live a Christian life, she had of late been much troubled about her soul, on account of a dream she had had. She wanted to be sure of her acceptance by God.

An old and tried comrade, who was very happy in the meeting, was soon after promoted to glory; a minute after entering his home his soul entered heaven. Yesterday the remains were taken to the First Baptist Church; and the Temple of Honor, of which he had long been a member, assisted the Salvation Army in the funeral service.

Since last report, about

TWELVE HAVE PROFESSED CONVERSION.

—AUXILIARY 64.

Stellarton, N. S.

Praise God for victory! All week we had been fighting the powers of darkness without any visible results, but to-night we closed our meeting at eleven o'clock, with

ONE CONVERSION FOR THE BLISSING OF A CLEAN

HEART, AND TWO BACKSLIDERS BRINGING

PENITENCE.

God met with them and gave them what they came for. I tell you, "It was good to see them." The devil will have to look out after this. God is on our side, and we shall have the victory. Let us sing in the Spirit, coming soon, Lord, I believe.—Captain ALICE HARRIS.

Chatham, N. B.

We have said good-bye to Sherbrooke, and been warmly welcomed by the people and corps in Chatham, but before speaking of the latter, want to praise God again for grace given and new souls won (one of whom is already in glory), and many other blessings received in that previously hard go, Sherbrooke.

Now we have met with greater kindness and hospitality than in that hard district—a dark corner of dark Quebec, and before we turn to report on New Brunswick, we want to record the visitation of Dr. Douglass, the Montreal Methodist divine. He was a sincere friend of the Army, and spoke continually in our favor. Brigadier de Brigitte thought it would be profitable to hold a memorial service, in which he would bring before us the chief events in the life of this truly remarkable man; and so, at the Temple, he led a meeting of this description. It was very impressive, and as the career of our departed brother was outlined, we felt more and more the need of devoting all to the service of God.

At the close, one soul came out and consecrated herself to God. May He miss up

many such bright lights as Dr. Douglass.

—W. C. PITTMAN.

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

Me Join 'Em.

Words by CAPT. NEILSON, Australia.

Allegro, m.f.

As I went out the other night I heard a terrible row, I
haven't you heard of that lot of mad folks They call the Salvation Band, They

1st time.

asked a comrade what it meant, He said, "Why, don't you know, What,

say they are Blood-and-Fire soldiers. And 'gainst em they've taken their stand.

2nd time, crotchet.

dim.

They're just going down to their open-air stand,
No, come, and let's hear what they say :
We followed them down till they formed in a ring,
The Captain told someone to pray ;
But they sang, and jumped, and danced about,
Till I really thought they'd gone mad,
When a soldier stepped into the ring, and said,
It was only because they were glad.

Second half of verse. —

They're just going down to their open-air stand,
No, come, and let's hear what they say :
We followed them down till they formed in a ring,
The Captain told someone to pray ;
But they sang, and jumped, and danced about,
Till I really thought they'd gone mad,
When a soldier stepped into the ring, and said,
It was only because they were glad.

Spoken :— I was trying to get a closer look at them, when my mate said to me, "Don't you get too close to them, old man, or else they will think you want to join 'em." This touched my dignity. The idea of me wanting to join a lot like them. Then said I to him :—

Cronies,

Me join 'em ?

me join 'em ?

Me join 'em ? me join 'em ? why, what do you think I am ?
Me join 'em ? me join 'em ? I'm glad that I've got more sense !

1st time.

Me join 'em ? me join 'em ?

Me join 'em ? me join 'em ? it's only a lot of sham !

2nd time, crotchet.

dim.

You must be blind, or else you'd see They're after the dollars and cents.

I listened to what they had to say, intent on having a look.
When some one stepped right into the ring and told how he'd lived in the dark.
"But now," he said, "I live in the light of Jesus and His love."
Who left his glory and kindly crown to win us mere mortals above ?
I followed them down to their meeting place, the Captain invited me in.
I took a seat well up to the front, suddenly gave out a hymn.
They sang it thro' mid clapping of hands, a soldier led them in prayer,
And prayed for me in such a way that I could do nothing but stare.

Spoken :— My mate gave me a dig in the ribs and said : "My word, old man they have got you set." I said to him : "It's little I trouble about that lot." Said he : "Why, wouldn't you join 'em ? You should have seen the look I gave him as, I said — Me join 'em, etc.

I wished that meeting would come to an end. I didn't like to go out.
My conscience told me I was wrong, and I ought to turn round about.
The Spirit strove with me so strong, I felt that I was lost,
So I took up my cross ; determined to have salvation whatever it cost.
Then the Captain came and pointed me to the Lamb that was slain on the tree ;
I relied by faith the promise of God — salvation full and free.
I rose to my feet a new made man, with the knowledge of sins forgiven,
I threw in my lot with the noisy crew, and now I am going to Heaven.

And I've joined 'em. I've joined 'em,

My sins are all forgiven.

I've joined 'em. I've joined 'em,

I'm on my way to Heaven.

For Jesus now I'll live and die,

And tell out the story of love,

How He left His glory and kindly crown.

Contents of this Issue.

THE WESTERN PROVINCE (Illustrated).

DEATH CONSECRATION, by the Chief-of-Staff.

MR. SPENCER WALTONS INTERVIEWED.

"CYPHER BILL."

COMMANDANT AND MRS. BOOTH AT THE
Y. W. C. A.

MRS. BOOTH AT INVALIABLES HOME.

GIFT OF WORLD'S "CRY."

SOCIAL REVOLUTION.

"ME JOIN 'EM!"

EDITORIAL.

NOTES FROM THE PIONEER.

SONGS OF THE NATION.

REV. MR. ...

centre ; on the contrary, his centre of moral gravity becomes the Lord Jesus Christ.

Here in Bill Sikes, the boozier ; for year he has lived to gratify his selfish appetite for drink. To gain that end, he has repeatedly robbed his unfortunate wife and ill-clad children of the very necessities of life. From the place where he stands to the horizon all around, he sees value in nothing, only as it ministers to him. But Bill Sikes gets saved. At once all is changed. His own domestic circle first reap the benefit. From the home, the change radiates outward as far as his influence reaches. The rule of his life is, "Do to others as I would they should do to me." He is rectified as a husband, a father, a citizen. If the misled Poundin had but yielded to the urging of the Divine Spirit, which in common with all he once had, is might to-day have been in right relationships himself with God and man, instead of lying shattered through the deadly explosive he designed for others, and at the Great Reckoning Day in the Morning of Eternity, he would probably have been found with a balance on the right side, instead of being a bankrupt there.

WAR CRY

TORONTO, MARCH 2, 1894.

OFFICE OF THE WAR CRY,
Thursday, Feb. 15, 1894.

ANARCHIC METHODS.

A recent issue of the Empire contains the following :—

The great Henry Irving is coming next week, and, notwithstanding the ethereal pioness, patrona of the Grand and speculators struggled for hours to buy tickets, which the latter sold in some instances at \$15 per seat. That Terentianus can command \$5.00 an hour while they enjoy themselves in a theatre is the best proof that things in this city are not so bad as painted by certain politicians.

Another column describes a meeting of the unemployed at St. Andrew's Hall, and is headed, "Work or Bread." The following quotation being typical of the resolutions moved :—

Mr. D. A. Casey, in an eloquent speech, moved as follows : "That a deputation of unemployed wait upon the city council to ask them to set aside a certain sum of money with the object of giving the destitute work or bread."

From a third column we quote the following :—

London, Feb. 15.—A loud explosion was heard just after midnight by the keepers of Greenwich Park, about six miles from London bridge. A hasty search led to the discovery of a man mutilated and groaning with pain on the hilltop near the observatory. His legs were shattered. One arm had been blown from his body, and he had been almost completely dismembered. As soon as he became conscious of the keepers' presence he begged them to help him or kill him. He became insensible within five minutes, and died minutes after being carried to the Seaman's Hospital he died. English and French papers found in the man's pockets showed that he was Martial Poundin, a foreign anarchist.

A hurried investigation of Poundin's life in London goes to show that he was a member of a dangerous anarchist conspiracy. He carried with him undoubtedly the explosives which caused his death.

And these are three of the most prominently typical features of the present high civilization. It is a day of superficial luxury and of painful poverty, with the crouching lion of anarchism in the background, vainly seeking by dynamite and other such physical forces to rectify the wrong. The wonder is, men do not see that the man who to-day would explode a bomb upon a lot of innocent, defenceless people, would to-morrow, had he the opportunity, become the oppressor himself.

SALVATION RESULTS.

The Salvation Army has now a network of Social operations in full swing throughout the world, all of which are subordinate, and auxiliary to the real goal at which it aims, viz., the salvation of each individual soul. When Mrs. Herbert Booth, in addressing two thousand of the women of Toronto, at the Countess of Aberdeen's recent meeting, spoke of the Army's Social Work here in Toronto, viz., the Waifs Home, for friendless children ; the Rescued Sisters' Home, for fallen women ; the Poor Women's Hotel, on Albert Street ; the information came as a revelation to many, and elicited hearty expressions of approval. We refer our readers to the weekly pages of the WAR CRY for further information ; but we can assure every reader, that wherever the red gurney and Salvation blue of the Army is worn, there on earnest and largely successful attempt is being made to deal with the great problems, that from statesmen downward, vex the mind to-day.

EYES FRONT !

Look Out Next Week

FOR REPORT OF

LADY ABERDEEN

At the Pavilion.



MARRIED—

Brigade-Captain Henry Freeman (who came out of St. John's L., Nfld., in December, 1888, and has now the oversight of the Newfoundland Southern District) to Captain Rachel Earle (who came out of Bay Roberts in May, 1889, and was last stationed at Hants Harbor.) At Harbour Grace, on Wednesday, February 7th, by Staff-Captain J. Head.

HERBERT H. BOOTH,
Commissioner.Territorial Headquarters,
Toronto, Ontario.

MRS. BOOTH

AT

The Home for Incurables.

BENEATH THE FLAG WITH THE FIERY STAR.

"Sermons in Stones, Books in the Running Brooks, and God in Everything."

It is impossible to accompany the League of Mercy on their weekly visits to the Fardale Home for Incurables without a sense of profound admiration for the exquisite system and well-ordered government of this large city institution.

The more often you enter the hall, and tread along the long and beautiful corridors, and up the broad stairways, and into the home-like rooms of the patients, the more you become impressed with the providing tone of

Quiet Cheerfulness

in spite of the suffering; everything seems to speak of peace and comfort at last, sometimes strongly in contrast to the feverish, rush of the outside worldy world. The singing voices, the number-green leaves, with medicis- or tea-tree; the kindly factor with emetic, thumb and finger on the phial in the dispensary; all these speak of suffering eased if not prevented.

In the Christian WAR CRY Mrs. de Burritt wrote of an inmate who has to lie in one position day and night, having done so for the past nine years, in the midst of

Intense and Relentless Pain

and suffering. Knowing little of the Army, except through the League and our literature—of which she is one of the most careful readers—nevertheless, for some time past, she has felt strongly stirred to throw in her lot with us, until finally it was decided that the enrollment should take place.

In a certain sense the League is the child of the Commandant, Mrs. Booth being the first to start the idea in its systematized form.

It was no wonder, then, that Mrs. Booth looked forward to the little ceremony, which we believe is one of the most touching in the records of Army enrolments; performed in its teaching of triumph through the Blood of Jesus, over sin, and pain and death.

Kneeling by the white bed-side of the prostrate sufferer, in a voice vibrating with solemn pathos, Mrs. Booth slowly pronounced the impressive words of the Articles of War. Around her also knelt the members of the League, whilst "the flag with the fiery star," and with its

Infinite Symbolism,

was uplifted above the heads of our leader and our new comrade-sister.

It was difficult to refrain from tears as we thought of those whose vows to march beneath the colors had cost them even to their life-blood, in many a raging, hellish mob; whilst this sister's feet may never walk, till they

"march up the golden street."

And yet such victory, such rest! It felt like the very chamber of peace! Instead of the little door-walled room, one seemed to see, by faith, the purple gates of the Heavenly City, with its radiancy of glory, its hills beyond compare. Instead of the vines on the shelf of dried red-roan berries and bright autumn leaves, one saw the boughs laden with the glorious summer coming, and the Land where ever-verdant flowers abounded, and never-withering flowers. Instead of the

Rows of Stones

and minerals—that have beguiled the pain and weary feelings of many a long night-watch—could only look away to the time when these spangled stones, rough-hewn from the mountains, or washed in the bed of the stream, whilst all the time a rainbow was shot up that unpolished crystal, or the milky white of the rock-crystal. Then what could we do but turn from the markings of the beautiful pebbles of the beach to think again of that country up there, "where every several gate was of one pearl, and the street of the city was pure gold, as it were transparent glass."

Oh, the color of that city!—with its precious stones and gems—where "the Lamb is the light thereof." Oh, the sapphire, and

The Amethyst, and the Jasper!

How could one help but be impatient to be gone!

But we—we were still on earth; some to suffer, and some to fight; some for loneliness and agony, and some in the sun and the rattle of the battle.

Let it, comrades—still under the colors.

Our comrade testified how the red had her by strange ways since her

return, when a little girl of thirteen, and

how her one desire was to live for the honor of "Jesus only"; in fact, after everyone in the room had testified—still kneeling—Mrs. Booth again sang, with the tender melody of her own voice and the autoharp. Earlier in the afternoon, at our sister's special request, Mr. Miller had sung her own beautiful song from the Christmas Carol, while all the service through is marked off in "what was the language of the whole, so closely were our

Best-Loved Choruses

interspersed, with prayer and speech.

Let harvest-stems, each golden sheaf,
Prayer Jesus;
Each blade of grass, each clover-leaf,
Prayer Jesus;
Fruit and flowers in tangled mass,
Honey, birds, and insects, join to raise
One loud, triumphant song of praise,
Prayer Jesus.

Salvation Army band, Jesus,
Prayer Jesus;
About unto Him, Where grace abounds,
Prayer Jesus;
Response, All that we have is thine,
O Lord, etc., etc., etc., etc., etc.,
Out in His service gladly go,
Prayer Jesus.

SMOKING TOBACCO.

There is the story of a lady who was addicted to smoking tobacco. She had indulged in the habit until it had increased so much upon her, that she not only smoked her pipe a large portion of the day, but frequently sat up for that purpose during the night. After one of these nocturnal entertainments, she fell asleep, and dreamed that she died and approached heaven. Meeting an angel, who asked him if her name was written in the book of life. He disappeared, but replied on returning that he could not find it. "Oh," said she, "do look again, it must be there. I have the assurance that it is in there, do look again." The angel was moved to tears by her entreaties, and again left her to renew her search. After a long search he came back,

the great reckoning day that they have already had their reward, and they will miss the hundred fold that God has promised.

"Then shall He answer them, saying, Verily I say unto you, inasmuch as ye did not to one of the least of these, ye did not unto Me."

Salvation Songs.

The Only Safe Way Home.

BY ELIJAH WHITAKER.

TUNE.—*Only Jesus will I know.*

Other ways may seem quite right
To the soul not in the light;
But there's just one way to heaven—
Tis by walking in the light.

CHORUS.

'Tis the only safe way home,
'Tis the only safe way home;
Washed in Jesus' precious blood,
Walking in the light of God.

Christian, whatever may befit,
From this path turn not aside;
At the end for all the faithful,
Heaven's gate is opened wide.

Lukewarm Christians, everywhere,
I would say to you, " Beware,
Tis a slippery path you're treading,
And 'twill end in dark despair!"

Sophic, I would speak to you—
You who scorn God's chosen few;
In your heart, oh, are you certain
Tis a safe way you pursue?

Caroless sinner, do not wait
Until you are just too late;
But come, enter ye the safe way
Leading to that golden gate.

Fighting For Our King.

BY SERGEANT M. LANG, PETERSBORO'.

TUNE.—*Now the chains of sin are broken; or, We are out on the ocean sailing.* B. B. 74.

2 We are fighting for the Saviour;
Yes, we're fighting for our King;
Fighting 'gainst the host of Satan,
And we know that we shall win.

CHORUS.

Hallelujah, hallelujah, Jesus died for me,
Hallelujah, hallelujah, I am free, I am free.

We will trust our Great Commander
Through the fighting in severe,
For above the noise of battle
Our Commander's voice we hear.

Brave soldier still the armor,
Victory is our little cry;
And whereso'er the battle rages,
At His bidding we will fly.

King Jesus.

BY CAPTAIN W. GARRUTHERS.

TUNE.—*Fight for Jesus.* ("B.J.", 61.)

3 We are fighting for King Jesus,
An Salvation soldiers can;
He does lead us, and direct us guide us,
And we never suffer harm;

Though the fighting is in hard,

Yet we do it not regard;

Still we fight, and mean to win,

For Christ our Lord.

CHORUS.

We'll fight away, and win the day,
And never will give in,
Though the devil he may try his best to daunt
us;

For victory is our battle cry,
We'll make the devil fly,

And his majesty we're sure to drive before us,
Fight on, fight on, as you have done of yore;

Fight, on, fight, on, for Jesus is on before.

Sometimes when we meet the enemy,
And he looks so tall and strong,

And our faith's a little shakin',

Yet we boldly march along,

Right along we mean to go,

Victory is our battle song;

Soon we'll hear the Master say,

"My son, well done!"

In past battles we have conquered,

Though the fight seemed very hard,

And at times a bit disengaged,

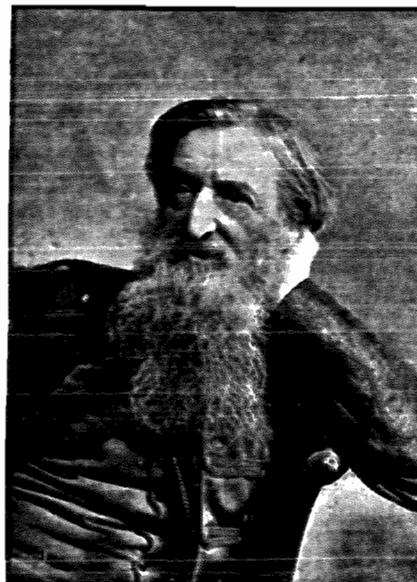
Yet we did it not regard,

With guns loaded on we go,

And the enemy we'll show,

What the Army of God can do,

While here below.



This soldier gives his Cartridge Money in every week at Barnet corps, near London, England.

£20,000.

A gentleman once met Mr. Wesley, and told him he was worth twenty thousand pounds, and remembered the time when he had attended one of his (Wesley's) sermons, and put a shilling in the plate, because the pastor had stated the Lord was a good paymaster.

How many have withheld from God, and His service that which they might have willingly rendered, and have found that it has slipped from their grasp. The selfish soul shall never prosper.

"All I have I am giving to Thee,
All I have I am giving to Thee;
Come, say—'Come and see,'
All I have I am giving to Thee."

What is given should be given from the depths of our heart should be given unto God. There are people who will only give to certain persons, but such will find on

Social Operations.



The Lifeboat, Toronto.

"Warp over the spring over,
Lie up the sailors;
Tell them of Jesus,
The Master to save."

Captain Frank Freeman, of the Lifeboat, writing on paper, containing the following list of branches of the Social Work here in Toronto :

WORKMEN'S HOTEL.
PRISON GATE HOME.
COAL AND WOOD YARD.
LABOR BUREAU.
SERVANT'S RESERVATION.
ENQUIRY DEPARTMENT.

gives us the following information :—

The Social Work is still thriving, both at the Lifeboat and in the Wood Yard. We sleep weekly an average of £50 now, and have given employment to about 150 men during the last two months in the Wood Yard, and we have had some good cases of CONVERSATION also.

One man who had drunk himself into fits, and got so scared he was going to die, called unto God in his agony that "He would not send his soul to hell, and offered me the shoes off his feet for ten cents to BUY WHISKEY with, which has got saved ; yes, gloriously saved, and for five weeks has been telling what great things God has done for him. His face really shone, and the great and marvelous change God has wrought, is nothing less than a MIRACLE.

As we talk to one and another, we find the arrow has reached some, and we are believing for many more before the winter is over.

Oh, you won't grand to see so many of us marching down Yonge Street on the night to the Commandant's meeting at the Temple ; saves and spares. No respectable persons are we. And didn't the band nose in the gallery all together ? And would you believe it, there all kinds a fellow at the Commandant and Mrs. Booth's appearance ? Did you hear that VOLLEY, Commandant ?

Our friends are rallying up to our assistance in the kindling line, and also in taking our coupon books to help the unemployed.

A LANT writes :— "I have just heard of your system of relief, and it seems to me to fill in a most judicious manner a long-felt need on the part of those desiring to assist the poor. Kindly send at once a book of tickets."

God bless that lady, and help her to make known to others our plan of helping the unemployed ! CAPTAIN FRANK FREEMAN.

The Farthing Breakfasts.

PITIFUL SIGHTS.

Increasing Crowd in the Brizzling Rain.

These interesting breakfasts, during the past week, proved a greater blessing than ever. The cold, dismal weather has intensified the distress in thousands of poor homes, and through the wet mists and rains of early morning, thousands of the bedraggled and half-starved children of the poor have made their way through the angles of slumdom, to the bright and cheerful Army barracks, there to obtain a little warmth and food, which in too many cases is, also ! all they get during the entire day.

No less than 23,000 breakfasts have been distributed during the last week ; but unless our friends help liberally, the work

must, we fear, be curtailed. Will our friends, therefore, please remember the poor starving little ones, and

Forward Donations for the Support of the Work.

Refreshing reports reach us from the various centres, where this good work is being carried on in connection with our London corps, telling of the gratitude which has been evoked from the poor starving little ones, for whose benefit the breakfasts were instituted, and the increased sympathy and support on the part of the public.

FEEDING THE HUNGRY CHILDREN AT DRURY LANE.

By the Ladies' Slave Secretary.

It was just after seven when I arrived at our converted public-house (the Rose and Crown), in Clerkenwell Court, Drury Lane. It was still dark, the street lamps were still alight, and it was raining a little, but already there was one poor little fellow, bare-headed and dirty, waiting for the doors to open.

At half past seven the doors were opened, and from them till just upon nine the hungry, ill-clad, unshaven and wretched children streamed in, until nearly 150 had been fed. And not only children, but several hungry-looking women came to know whether we could serve them with a breakfast. One of them on being told that the breakfasts were for children only turned to me and said, "Well, brother, I'm glad to see you looking after the poor little ones."

To see the children having their breakfast is most touching, and often brings tears to my eyes. The hungry looks and actions, the artful diet, the plainly-written

Marks of Suffering

upon their faces, the ragged clothing, and, above all, the glad look of satisfaction that overcomes their faces as they eat their roll and drink the hot soup, cannot be described—it must be seen to be appreciated.

They can't understand why we should feed them so, and many of them sit looking at us in open-eyed, open-mouthed wonder.

"Fancy," said one little chap, who had just been fed, to another who was standing at the door, "a big pauper boy and a big pauper mug of coffee," or all for a farthing !

The following speak for themselves :—

"Oh, sister," said a ten-year-old girl, as she left, after a good breakfast, "I feel nearly better."

"Ah," remarked a big boy in a patrolling way to a little one, "I suppose they give you a bit of bread and just a drop of 'coffee' ?"

"No they don't," replied the little one, "you get a jolly big bun and as much coffee as you can get outside of."

When the cold was very intense, and the snow on the ground, a young girl came two mornings. On the second morning she met the Lieutenant with the remark,

"Sister, the coffee I drink yesterday morning

Kept Me Warm in School

all the morning."

Some of the children are such little mites that their mothers have to bring them along. One of these little mites always comes to come "to the Army breakfast" as soon as she wakes. The mother told me that she is the eldest of three, and she only looked about three, the mother herself seeming not much over twenty.

One poor little lad hung round the door for a long time. At last I said,

"Have you had your breakfast ?"

He shook his head.

"Are you coming here to breakfast ?"

Another shake.

"Are you going to have any breakfast ?"

Still another shake.

"Why don't you come ?"

"Please, sir, ain't got no money."

"How's that ?"

"Mother spent it all, sir. I ain't got no father, and she keeps on spending the money in drink."

He looked so pleadingly at me that I let him in, although it only wanted five minutes to school-time. He ran in, drank the coffee up quickly and then tore off to school, literally devouring the roll as he went.

We are believing that our friends and the friends of the poor starving children are going to help us to keep these breakfasts going for many weeks yet ; but we must have the money to do this.

Please Send Your Donation Quickly !

SHADWELL.

Bootham, huddled, caitiff, in the condition of the little mites that attend our farthing breakfasts at Shadwell. It is worth the farthing to hear and see them crowd into our little stone hall. All are invited to come and see.

While visiting from house to house on Friday, I met a poor woman, who greeted me with, "Mosh obliged to you, miss, for giving my four children a nice mug of souce and hot roll every morning. My husband has been laid up for sixteen weeks, and my poor babies would have to go without food had it not been for your farthing breakfasts." Several other poor mothers also tell me that very often it is the only meal their children get. Donations will be thankfully received to enable us to continue this much-needed work.

A MORNING AT MILLWALL.

"Nothing is impossible to a willing mind." Hence the farthing breakfast man succeeded during the early hours of Wednesday in greasing his way from the extreme West of London to Malabar Street, Millwall, via Fenchurch Street and West India Dock. Captain Pettit and his staff of ready helpers, among whom special mention should be made of Junior Sergeant Major Collett, and an unnamed lame, who delights in washing the cups and saucers, and scrubbing the barracks floor without fee or reward, also all "early birds," and untidily they manage to "get steam up" every morning at about seven o'clock, for many of the children, who attend the breakfasts at this centre, have to walk long distances in order to reach school. On Wednesday, all wants had been supplied by eight o'clock, and a quarter of an hour later the barracks was empty. But a

Grand and Blessed Work

had been performed.

The editor had received information with regard to the Millwall breakfasts in an encouraging letter from the Captain of the corps. Writing only a week previous to the visit of our representative, she said :—

"We are feeding over a hundred really needy children every morning. A great many come with very little clothing upon them, and no boots or stockings on. They wait at the doors long before the time to open them. When we took the tickets to the schools, the teachers helped the movement with delight, and said how thankful the little ones would be. Thank God ! we are also winning them to our meetings through the breakfasts, some of them children who have never been to a Sunday School before. We supply them with rolls, six ounces in weight, with currents. Some of them ask to take a little piece home to their mothers, who, with their babies, have nothing for breakfast. Among those who attend are more babies, who are too young to walk, and their brothers and sisters carry them. One little fellow has been coming to get some coffee "to make him strong." He can be his own boy, and that his mother is in too poor to give him coffee for his breakfast. This is

The Only Substantial Meal

some of them get all day."

Our reporter was not only able to confirm Captain Pettit's statement in every particular, but from enquiries made of the children at the barracks on Wednesday morning, and subsequently at a few of their homes, he ascertained that the movement is producing an immensity of good at Millwall, and that in no district throughout London, is there a greater need for these farthing breakfasts to satisfy the hunger of hundreds, if not, indeed, of thousands of poor children living in squalid dwellings—whole families occupying but one room—in this thickly-populated, water-side neighbourhood. The number who flock to the barracks is daily on the increase, and on Wednesday, relief, in the shape of rolls and coffee was dispensed to no less than 153. It is satisfactory that the funds have enabled the work to be carried on to so large an extent ; but here, as elsewhere, contributions are urgently needed, so that more necessitous cases may receive attention.

The motley crowd of boys and girls assembled on Wednesday morning last, contained not a few whose sparse clothing and pinched faces gave abundant evidence of excessive poverty. And what bitter stories were related to our reporter !

A girl of thirteen, in rags, holding by the hand a dot of three, and having the charge of two other mites, who were ravenously devouring the rolls which their master



father had had the misfortune to break his leg a week before Christmas, and had not been able to do a stroke of work until two days ago. Mother had been taken ill, and had been carried off to the workhouse, she, as the eldest child, had been obliged to do the best she could in looking after the whole family. "But," said the poor girl, "I have found it very hard and very trying work, with scarcely a copper to help us, and hardly any clothes to put upon the children's back. Father had a sovereign some time before Christmas, and he has been making it go as far as he can. We have had hardly any food for days together, and these breakfasts are the best that we can get, and have been all that we have had sent us along."

Another distressing case was that told by a girl of twelve, one of a family of nine, whose father, out of employment, received three shillings a week, and a shilling's worth of meat from the parishioner authorities, and upon this, with other trifles from charitable sources, parents and children, had had to subsist for the past month or two. Two beds "accommodated" the whole family.

The work at Millwall is full of interest and encouragement. The farthing breakfasts are greatly appreciated alike by the parents and children. Contributions to the fund may rest assured that many, many houses have been made glad, and many hearts lightened, and many appetites appeased by the introduction of this blessed movement into one of the poorest districts of the Thames.—*Harvest England Gazette.*

(From the Philadelphia Weekly Press.)

THEY DO A GOOD WORK.

Salvation Army Methods Among the Poor and Oppressed.

PRACTICAL CHRISTIANITY.

Sharing the Mite and Fifty, Feeding the Hungry, Clothing the Bare and Bringing Smiles to the Grot.

The character of the work being done by the Salvation Army in Chicago calls out from the *Herald* a four column commendation. Some of the incidents cited and illustrations of life in the Army are copied :—

They often go late evenings and speak to the men gathered about the bar, or the stove. They are seldom troubled. Now and then an angry bartender orders them out, and when they do not go he will put his hand on their shoulder and push them out. But he is never brutal. Sometimes they get a foothold, for they glory in bearing the mild rebuff. Then they talk swiftly and earnestly for the few moments they may have. They sing if they think it wise. And they often

KNEEL DOWN IN THE DIRT

and the myriad and offer up prayer.

One night a man citizen in the Army was going past a saloon when he heard the sound of voices voices singing within. He stopped a moment to listen, for the song was one familiar in the Army. Presently the singer ceased and low, came a speech unbroken. After a moment a rough-looking man came out.

"Who is it ?" asked the Salvationist.

"I don't know who it is, but I'll be — if they ain't good women," was his heavy though irreverent reply.

Sometimes they go to places even worse—the brothels with which their territories are filled. Here is an incident.

Night, in one of the worst dives in the city. A Salvation Army woman goes into the place and engages in conversation one of the most hopelessly disreputable women alive—a woman who had not in years given one hint of a decent or honest thought. But she sat there and listened to the good woman at her side. She left her liquor untouched. What she heard seemed to touch her and help her. It was like

A WAVE OF PURE AIR

through the black hole of Calcutta. While the two were together the man friend of the bad woman approached and ordered the same girl to go away. He was brutal and profane to the poor girl affected by his kind and appeared in such places. But the wicked woman turned upon him in rage, caused him for his interference, drove him away with the declaration that "this is a good woman;" and then she sat there half an hour and listened to the good words that were spoken to her.

These girls can do more good for the people in the district than could a well-dressed woman by any possibility imaginable. They are the friends of their people. They learn something about the families. They know the children and teach them to love the gentle, simple, plain Salvation women. And they do many acts that a rich woman could not think of doing, yet without which the way to the hearts of the people who need help could not be found.

For instance, one time Captain Pruden went into a home where the children were dirty,

RAGGED AND HUNGRY.

She found them some clothes and a little food. Then she washed them, dressed them in the better garments—which were still the cast-off clothing of happier children. Then she washed and mended the old dresses and trousers. All the time she was singing her simple songs and they were learning the tunes. She was speaking to them kindly. And when she went all the house was full of friends.

Another time she came to a place where the dirty floor seemed to dispel all hope that the people could be any possibility have a desire for better life. But she got down on her knees and scrubbed the dirty place. Then, having put the scanty furniture to rights, she talked with the women and the children, prayed with them, sang to them and left them. She can go there whenever she wants to. And what is more to the purpose, when she goes there now the floor has never been cleaned.

One night after the little meeting at Captain Pruden's room, down there on Clark street, the converts started away and the Captain noticed a tear in the eye of one of the men.

"What is the matter?" she asked kindly.

"Oh, it's all right, captain," he replied, trying to be cheerful.

"But there is something the matter," she persisted. "Tell me what it is."

"Nothing, only we have to walk the streets to-night. Before we were saved men, we could always find some lodging in or about a saloon; but we can't go there now, and we don't want to. And we have nothing better to do than to—"

CARRY THE BANNER."

This expression being the levee equivalent for walking all night in default of the price of a bed.

No the Captain saw Brigadier Fielding and arranged for a shelter for the men. And this is the way the place on Clark street was started. They sleep there at night, and they stay there to the day when they are not at work or looking for work. There are only about a dozen of them, for there are not many of their kind who are members of the little band of converts and who also have no place to sleep. And it is not a lodging-house for outside persons. It is sacredly kept for those who are believed by the officers to be worthy members of the humble society. No lines drawn. But do not think all the benevolence and care reserved for the members of the Salvation Army. Here is a case to relieve you of that notion, and it is one of many that might be related. Just before Christmas Brigadier Fielding received to give 2500 dinners on the great holiday. For two weeks before that event his officers were finding deserving cases and were giving them tickets for the dinner.

SUITS! PANTS! TUNICS!

SCORCH	SUIT	PANTS	TUNIC
F. 2 Corps	\$9.00	\$7.00	\$12.00
F. 4 Irish Serge	\$9.00	7.00	12.00
C.X. English Serge	10.00	8.00	12.50
W. Worsted	10.00	8.00	12.50
F.W. "	10.00	8.00	12.00
M.E. Irish Serge	10.00	8.00	12.50
M.A. Foxes "	10.00	8.00	12.50
F. 1 Irish "	10.00	8.00	12.00
T. English "	10.00	8.00	12.00
K. "	17.00	5.50	11.50
F.I. "	17.00	5.50	11.50
B.W. Worsted	17.00	5.50	11.50
Y. Canadian Serge	10.00	3.25	6.75
O. English "	11.00	3.00	7.50
Y.W. Worsted "	11.00	3.00	7.50

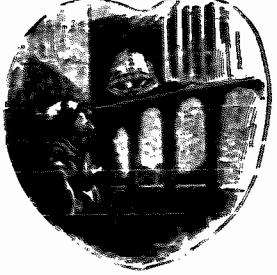
Trimmings for Bandanas \$2.50 per suit extra.
(Pants, \$6.00: Tunic, \$1.50)

RAINPROOF FOR MEN AND WOMEN
Made to Order at \$7.50, \$5.00, \$3.00 and \$2.50
Ready Made Women's Rainproof at \$4.50

SAMPLES ON APPLICATION.

THE GIST
—OF THE—
WORLD'S "CRYS."

SHREFFIELD is to the front in the latest English Cry. The title of the frontispiece strikes the key note this way—"SIX SHEFFIELD BLAZERS OR SALVATION ARMY MUSKET TO CUT OUT SATAN." The letters are figures worn leaves and berries, while upon the suggestive background of factories, furnaces, cavalry, etc., you perceive the "blades" themselves, whose



life-sketches follow on the second page. Amongst them, we find "Nodger, the Master-Drafter," "Young David Speare," "Happy Bob," and so on.

"A FEW DAYS AGO SHEFFIELD'S FATE," unfolds a tale of mud, brick, bone, iron, limekilns, skeletons, and above all, savagery, with great Councils of War by the General. A few statistics of to-day are far too good to be spared at—

Number of open-air meetings, 77; number of indoor meetings, 120; average congregation per week, 1500 hours' duration, 16,000,000.

The Cry of "Sheff" "ALL NIGHT CAMPING" have extended to Leicester, where, to spite of difficulties, a well-organized and well-maintained attack was made on the devil. The persistent form testified to the depth to which the Word of God had sunk. Amongst others, one woman, with "a reverent temper," sought deliverance.

At a D. C. welcome, in defense of half-night of prayer, this zealous associate was related—

"In the most unimpassioned manner, Staff-Captain Wilmer told of an electric light suspended by wire in a Government cash-box, which was found extinguished on one occasion. The moment was chosen with ingenuity, for the light was out because the power was off. Being it happened yet again, the priest determined to find out the cause, and did in the conventional test. In the still hours of the night, as he walked, driven from the heat of the day, he saw a small fire in the distance, and dashed off. Soon the light went out. A little later some said had been to the cell in their hearts and dash it, as the Staff Captain enumerated different sorts of rats."

A column, devoted to pure Welsh, reads in this bold fashion—

"Mr. Evelyn Stretton, p. 1000 in British Army & Guards even make Indian uniforms on order to have a comfortable & warm coat & uniform despatched." "Qualify Commandant?" "Yes."

(We presume it is so—we couldn't say it wasn't, anyway.)

"WILL YOU BE A CAPTAIN?" is the General's practical question, heading an article full of keen-edged, personal, home-thrusts.

Shefield launches forth again with a bold headline and sturdy sub-heads to this effect—

A Step Forward for Sheff's
Salvation
SOCIETY

BY THE EDITOR.

SHEFFIELD'S SPLENDID SPIRITUAL STRIDE!

How Commissioner Howard Opened the New Citadel.

WEEK-END OF WONDERS!

A DRUNKEN CARPENTER, WRAPPED IN ARMY COLOURS, SLEEPS OFF "BOOZE," THEN CLAIMS PARDON—BATTLES STILL WAGING AND TRIUMPHS CONTINUING.

The seats of this Citadel were made by Commissioner Cadman's men. With the horseless galleries, it will seat eighteen hundred people. At the first salvation meeting, there were seventy-nine captures.

This week's issue is unusually full of matters of local or corps interest.

THE AMERICAN Cry has a front page that makes you UNITED STATES. catch your breath. "What in the name of all that is here is this?" you demand, as you clutch the paper. The ghastliness of the sin-serpent, with its slily, throttling coil, and its poisonous venom, is depicted in the midst of the flames of the furnace of hell, with the sight of salvation flitting smilingly and speed to the rescue.

(Our commander Wm. or SELF-DENIAL is now at hand—March 17 to 24. Of course, therefore, this inimitable subject is pushed to the surface on every slight pretext. Canada can sympathize most cordially. May our lot be beaten all hollow.

In a column of "Trade Notes," Adjutant Oggill fixes the comments of wearers of the new rig-out for the Staff Band in a new form. Here is that for a change?

"I have never seen a better; it is a creation and well made; should be worn by every bandman." —Johnstone, Finsdale.
"It is a credit to the band." —Brother Wright.
"It is military-looking; the gold band is very neat." —Brother Gooding.
"What we've wanted for a long time; our new cap is quite a treat." —Brother Evans.

(Why didn't you think of that, Staff-Captain Friend?)

The Cry, of course, is full of newsy notes of comprising in various districts and wide-spread localities, intermingled with opinion and explicit articles.

Captain Purvis, a widely loved and respected officer, has gone over to join the majority. Friends are requested for his fatherhood sake.



A clever cartoon represents Major Evans "still cut in the old," with 11,547 War Cry sold, against Major Koppel—warmly housed—with 16,666. The Cry becomes' page with steady injunctions, never to surrender a single copy to his hated majesty, the devil.

—

Major Evans' position almost sick at heart. The "Cry" gives him a short time to actuate both command and labour, employ and employed, everybody will admit; but how difficult a task such a thing is to poor human nature, when the relation between the master and the slave, the mind which governs and the muscle which serve, are based entirely upon the principle of competition, rivalry, strife. The General's "To Do" list is a picture of "any patriotic readjustment of the social and economic relations between the classes, except by the gradual substitution of co-operative associations for the present wage system."

A good deal more of the same character



An account of Staff-Captain Blanche Cox's meetings in Philadelphia, describes her as "QUAKING THE QUAKERS." We are not surprised to find that she dwelt on "The Army Work in India." We read—

"It was quite amazing to hear her relate her first experience as an officer in that part of the vineyard, and how awkward it was to conform to certain customs of the place, especially the Quakers. She said that the Quakers, many eyes filled with tears as she described the suffering of our officers in India, and what it cost them to bring themselves down to a level with the heathen in their ways, and how she had to do the same, and bring light and joy to their poor darkened hearts. After describing the work, she made an earnest appeal for help, and many gave liberally."

Of the "Central Note," this one goes down the sweetest—

"For week ending January 28, 1893 scale were saved, making 1775 for the month. During the month, no less than 2500 persons attended meetings in our different halls throughout the division."

"SELF-ASKED AND SELF-ANSWERED" is a two-column set of queries, in which the Commander interviews himself as to the newest facts, etc., for example—

"Is it incorrect that Chicago XI. has been re-opened as a Swedish fort?"

The following dispatch reaches us from that city.

Chicago XI. re-opened as Swedish corps; splendid hall opened Mrs. Ekdahl introduced; the United Swedish corps and three brass bands; over 500 present; Captain and Mrs. Ekdahl introduced as commanding officers; brigadiers' address very powerful; audience delighted; over 1000 collected; one call for collection; glorious future—Secretary Branson.

—

This is in the CHRISTIAN NUMBER. Its pages are choke-full of good matter, especially bearing on

the teaching of Christ in relation to the Social problem of the day, questions which are stirring the Colony now with a very fever of agitation. The titles of the articles alone speak for themselves. After the article on the eloquent frontispiece, there follows "The Workingman a Slave," as that who understands the needs of the working man, bone of our bone, flesh of our flesh—

We quote the concluding verse:—

I never was much of a scholar, and my old eyes get me now;—
But I always I always can read the verse that abides with the words about Him;

It's a matter of forty years or more, since first I was led;

That He was the Christ for the laboring man, the only Saviour for me.

When times were hard and the wages went for many mouths to feed,

I used to think of the lot of a place where He worked for daily bread;

It would make me feel like that He, whose throne in

the heaven was ours,

Should come right down to a carpenter's bench and choose to bid with the poor.

I make no doubt that the mother's heart had comfort enough in her Son. That often while He would ease her hands when His Master's voice was heard.

Lately He knew how to make a lucid break in the darkness of the sea, and could even stop to say what sort of patch on the clothes should be.

"A NAVY'S STORY" still dwells on the brotherhood of the carpenter's Son. Commissioner Combs appeals for funds to help forward the Christmas dinners for the poor of Melbourne and Sydney.

The date for the reception of Colonel Dowdell in South Australia, are announced.

The solder touches upon many points, including the anxiety for goodwill between capital and labor, and ends with a paragraph on "The Upper and Lower Millions," we read—

"Upon approaching this point almost sick at heart, the "Cry" gives him a short time to actuate both command and labour, employer and employee, everybody will admit; but how difficult a task such a thing is to poor human nature, when the relation between the master and the slave, the mind which governs and the muscle which serve, are based entirely upon the principle of competition, rivalry, strife. The General's "To Do" list is a picture of "any patriotic readjustment of the social and economic relations between the classes, except by the gradual substitution of co-operative associations for the present wage system."

A good deal more of the same character

—

follows. We are in fullest sympathy with the whole page, and would gladly quote it all.

THE "GOSPEL OF WEALTH" and the satisfactoriness of "philanthropic experimenting" amongst many other points—including a plea for the beautiful in literature, science, art and among the people—are dwelt upon in this comprehensive article.

Two pages are devoted to a lovely story—lovely in descriptive force, and lovely in sublime teaching. It is borrowed from "Harper's Magazine," whilst the subject is, "The Story of the Other wise men." It commences with these words:

"You have heard the story of the Three Wise Men, and how they journeyed from the East to their King, the good manager-crucified at Bethlehem. I would tell you now the story of the other wise men, the three who were sent to the Orient and sent out to follow it, yet came not with his brethren to the presence of the King; of his great labours, of the trials he suffered, of the persecutions he met, of the rebukes he received, of the tortures he endured, and the protracted life of his soul; of the long way of his seeking and the strange way of his finding the all.

It is amongst surroundings of this description we find him first:

"Around the house spread a fair garden, a grove of flowers and fruit trees, watered by fountains and made

Songs of the Nations.

"Sing unto the Lord; for He hath done excellent things; this is known in all the earth. Cry out and shout, thou inhabitant of Zion, for great is the Holy One of Israel in the midst of thee."—ISAIAH.

United States.

TOO LATE.

BY EDITH PALMER, CORUNNA, MICHIGAN.

IT'S HOME, sweet home.

1 "Some time I said the lad, 'a Christian life I'll try,
I'll give God my heart before I come to die;
But this life's so gay, and the world is so bright,
That although I would like to, I'll not come to-night.'"

CHORUS.

"No, no, not to-night,
Although I would like to,
I'll not come to-night."

He went from the hall, and he made his way home,
While still Jesus pleaded and begged Him to come.
But he said: "There is plenty of time yet for me,
And some time in future a Christian I'll be."

SECOND CHORUS.

"No, no, not to-night;
Although I would like to,
I'll not come to-night."

Ah! for his boasting—in vain were they all,
That night the Death Angel upon him did call;
His soul was required, and he must pay the cost—
He died with the words on his lips: "I am lost!"

THIRD CHORUS.

"Lost, lost, I am lost!"
He died with the words
On his lips: "I am lost!"

Now sister, dear sinner, do not tempt this fate,
Oh, come to the Saviour ere it is too late;
Oh, think of his doom, and come and get right,
While pardon and mercy are offered to-night.

LAST CHORUS.

"Come, come, come to-night,
While Jesus is pleading,
Oh, come, come to-night."

India.

FOR ONE AND ALL.

BY REV. MAJOR F. D. CUNLIFFE, CALCUTTA.

TUNE—In evil long I took delight.

2 For one and all beneath the sway
Of Satan's cruel rod,
The Christ of Calvary gives to-day,
Sweet freedom through His blood.

CHORUS.

God is good, oh, bless His name!
He saves from misery,
Makes old hearts new, and holy, and true,
And keeps eternally.

It comes by faith on His dear Son,
This gift of love so great;
Open to all, refused to none—
So now no longer wait.

If in this world you to Him turn,
And serve Him with your might,
A rich reward you'll surely earn,
When faith is lost in sight.

South Africa.

SEEK HIS MERCY NOW.

BY WILL MARFIELD.

TUNE—Sweet Rose Melodeon.

3 Sinner, thou art drifting on,
Every chance will soon be gone;
To the feet of Jesus come,
Seek His mercy now.

CHORUS.

Back to Jesus pressing,
Claim salvation's blessing;
Freely pardon's offered here,
Come to Him just now.

Why speed on against the light,
On toward eternal night,
With the judgment throne in sight,
There to meet your doom?
Hasten to the precious Blood,
Come to Calvary's crimson flood;
God through Christ will make you good,
Come without delay.

A New National Anthem.

Devoted English Garrison, via AUSTRALIA.

Mr. St. Bartholomew, of Newmarket-on-Tyne, who recently visited the Edinburgh Free Church, motioned that in his "Highway to Heaven" a portion of an old, worn-out newspaper cutting, apparently nearly a century old, it contained a short poem, entitled, "God help the poor," and concluded:

Burdens encumber us
On the community.
Hard to endure!
But the poor workman's pay
By tax is taken away
From the steward family.
God help the poor!

Great God, the poor defend,
Let Thy right arm defend—
Thy strength is sure.
Aid in our rights to get,
And in our land maintain
Freedom for Righteousness.
God help the poor!

The Long Suffering of Love.



"Charity Suffereth Long."—1 Cor. xiii. 4.

It is a story recorded in Jewish books, that when Abraham sat at his tent door, according to his custom, waiting to entertain strangers, he espied an old man, stooping and leaning on his staff, weary with age and travel, coming towards him, who was an hundred years of age. He received him kindly, washed his feet, provided supper, caused him to sit down; but observing that the old man ate and prayed not, nor begged for a blessing on his meat, asked him why he did not worship the God of heaven. The old man told him that he worshipped the fire only, and acknowledged no other God: at which answer Abraham grew so suddenly angry that he thrust the old man out of his tent, and exposed him to all the evils of the night, and an unguarded condition. When the old man was gone, God called to Abraham and asked Him where the stranger was. He replied: "I thrust him away because he did not worship Thee." God answered him: "I have suffered him these hundred years, although he dishonored Me; and couldst thou not endure him for one night, when he gave thee no trouble?" Upon this, says the story, Abraham fetched him back again, and gave him hospitable entertainment and wise instruction.

—Go thou and do likewise, and thy charity will be rewarded by the God of Abraham.

Australia.

ON BETHLEHEM'S PLAINS.

BY THE POETIC BLACKSMITH.

TUNE—Christ is n. ("B.J.", 187.

4 On Bethlehem's plains, at midnight's hour,
An angel bright and clothed in power
Unto the shepherds calls—
"Behold to you this day is born
In管理的公事, of lofty form,
A Saviour, King of all."

CHORUS.

King of kings, and Lord of all,
He came to die for all;

King of kings, and Lord of all,

He came to die for all.

The heavenly glory shone around,
The sheep lowed on hallowed ground,

While angel voices call.

Glory to God and blessings then,
Goodwill and peace on earth to men :
They praise His own and all.

Then in the manger near the inn
They found the Saviour, Who for sin
Was born to die for all.
Then praises raise they every one
To God, Who sent His only Son
To suffer once for all.

He spent His life in doing good,
And telling sinners how His blood
Would soon be shed for all.
He healed them sick, the dead He raised,
And deaf and dumb His goodness praised,
And then He died for all.

On Calvary's cross behind Him die,
The sun is darkness, and the sky
Is covered with a pall.
Oh, come and take a closer view,
He hangs upon that cross for you ;
He dies, but once for all.

England.

HOLINESS.

BY S. E.

TUNE—Blessed Lord, in Thee is my joy. ("B. J.", No. 31.)

5 Claim deliverance, claim deliverance,
Claim deliverance, claim it now;
Christ now waits to make you holy,
Breath to Him your solemn vow.
Claim deliverance,

Claim deliverance, claim it now.
Claim deliverance, claim it now;
From all sin and self, and pride ;
Venture all venture fully,
Pleas go into the Crossed T'is,

Claim deliverance,

Claim deliverance, claim it now.

Claim deliverance, claim deliverance,
Now from every sin be free ;
Millions have received their freedom,
Surely He has died for them.

Claim deliverance,

Claim deliverance, claim it now.

Claim deliverance, claim deliverance,
Victory have through Jesus' blood ;
Though the past has been a failure,
Victory on the living God.

Claim deliverance,

Claim deliverance, claim it now.

SECOND CHORUS.

I've deliverance,

I have got deliverance now.

New Zealand.

WHAT AWAITS ME.

BY H. H. HEATLEY.

TUNE—Just before the battle ; or, Turn to the Lord.

6 Loving Jesus, have I grieved Thee ?
Tender Shepherd, have I strayed ?
Have I, Lord, through sin displeased Thee ?
Have I lost my first love fade ?
Am I but a poor backslider,
Feeling on the banks of sin ?
The once full joy, 'tis true, has vanished,
I have now no peace within.

CHORUS.

Will He heal the broken-hearted ?
Will He set the prisoner free ?
Must I die in awful bondage ?
Doom, dark doom awaits for me.

Loving Jesus, off I wonder
When I think of things above ;
Something fills my innocent spirit,
Telling me I've lost my love.
Can it be that I, a soldier,
Could ever in sin have strayed ?
I am but a poor backslider,
I have let my first love fade.

Pardon, pardon, loving Jesus !
Speak thy pardon to my soul ;
Gospelize my worn renewing,
I am sorry—sorely my soul.
Pardon all my past transgression,
Holy power, dear Jesus, give ;
Make me, Lord, a mighty blessing ;
For Thy glory I shall live.

SECOND CHORUS.

New He heals the broken-hearted,
New He sets the captive free :
Now I rise to greater conquest,
Jesus gives me victory.

Canada.

OUTSIDE THE FOLD.

BY W. RITCHIE, KINGSTON.

TUNE—He took me in. ("B.J.)

7 I once was shut outside the fold ;
And doomed to die there in the cold ;
My garments were all stained with sin,
I cried to Christ; He took me in.

CHORUS.

He took me in.

For long I wandered o'er the wild,
Away from home, an erring child,
Till Jesus sought me where I strayed,
And now from all my sin I'm saved.

All my years of sin and woe
Are gone for ever now I know ;
My soul with rapture now doth sing,
Since Jesus found and took me in.

East Ontario Province.

BRIGADIER SCOTT.

Great Enrolments Under the Blood-and-Fire Flag.

"Under the Blood-and-Fire flag,
Under the Blood-and-Fire flag;
Brave deeds have been done,
And great victories won,
Under the Blood-and-Fire flag."

Farewell Report.

PETERBORO.—After about ten months' fighting in the Peterboro' District and corps, orders came to farewell, so first of all I started off around the District to have a farewell meeting at each place.

TWENTY is the first on the list. Saturday, Sunday and Monday, we spent a good time together. God blessed us in a special manner. Captain Moffat and Lieutenant Springer have done a good work here. On the Monday night we

ENROLLED FIVE REGTTS.

Next place is CAMPBELLSTOWN. Capt. Bradenre joined me here, and we went in for a rest time of great joy; had a large crowd, and one young man gave his heart to Jesus. Captain Springer and Lieutenant Wilson have had the joy of seeing a real revival in this place.

Next to ALDERVILLE, the Indian village. We drove forty miles in the cold, up in a high wagon to visit this place, but felt repaid before the meeting was through. These people are very kind, and the fire is burning among them.

Next we come to NORMAN. Capt. Cheshire and Lieutenant Milnes have had a hard fight, but they do not feel discouraged. The march and meeting were good, but no souls.

From here we return to Peterboro' for our farewell meetings. God gave a good finish. It must

EVERY MEETING SINCE WE WERE UNTILING FOR NEW V.

The last Sabbath afternoon we enrolled twenty under the flag. There has been an old-time revival in Peterboro'. Praise God, the fire is still burning. This is a proper Salvation Army town. God bless you, comrades; we expect you to be loyal, and to fight till Jesus comes. God bless Peterboro'; we bid you good bye, and pray that God will reward you for all your kindness.—Ensign T. COOPER, Captain J. BRADENRE, Lieutenant H. CRAWFORD, G.O.R.

Peterboro'.

We have got into harness here, and are in for victory, and praise God, we are having it.

Yesterday was a grand day.

ONE OUT FOR FULL SALVATION in the morning, and

THREE FOR FAITH

at night. Last Sunday's converts are doing fine, besides the

SIX THAT CAME OUT

in the meeting.

ANOTHER MAN WENT HOME AND GOT INTO BED, BUT WAS SO TROUBLED ABOUT HIS SOUL THAT HE COULD NOT SLEEP UNTIL HE GOT OUT AND CRIED TO GOD FOR SALVATION.

He slept all right after he had settled up with God. He was on the platform last night. The soldiers here know how to give a fellow a proper welcome, and a bouncing into the bars. Ensign Cooper has left things in good shape, and there is every prospect of a blessed success of soul-saving work.—Ensign Alex. MACDONALD.

Port Hope.

In my last report from Port Hope, I was saying that there was a rift in the clouds. Thank God, this week we cannot only say that the clouds are breaking, but we can say of a truth that we have had the joy of seeing the clouds of sin washed from

ONE SOUL

by the precious blood of Jesus. Hallelujah to the Lamb! God is indeed giving on the victory. Some may say one soul is not much, but we believe in hand-picked fruit.—Captain SMITH and Lieutenant BUCKSTAR.

Good-bye, and How-do-you-do.

PICTON.—Captain and Mrs. Savage have said good-bye to their much-loved commands and friends of Picton; but they (Picton) did not forget to give their successors a proper

good welcome. God bless Picton. Since taking charge,

THREE SOULS

have been cut for salvation, and

THREE FOR THE KINGDOM

of holiness. We praise God for this victory. Lieutenant Carter and myself in for greater. Hallelujah to Jesus!—H. C. KINNELL.

Six in the Fountain.

CORNWALL.—We are marching on. Santa and Simeon are being moved. Praise God.

Thursday, the comrades had the pleasure of welcoming our new District Officer, Adjutant Taylor; also on Friday, Captain Brindley and Lieutenant Bessell. We are going in with our officers to work and live for God. Our meetings are well attended, and souls are being saved.

Sunday night, two previous souls came out for salvation, and are now rejoicing in a everlasting God.

Monday, while the officers were out on route of Victoria, we sister got news.

Saturday night, we sister got news. Monday, while the officers were out on route of Victoria, we sister got news.

Saturday night, we sister got news. Monday, while the officers were out on route of Victoria, we sister got news.

Saturday night, we sister got news. Monday, while the officers were out on route of Victoria, we sister got news.

Saturday night, we sister got news. Monday, while the officers were out on route of Victoria, we sister got news.

Saturday night, we sister got news. Monday, while the officers were out on route of Victoria, we sister got news.

Morrisburg.

"Blessed are they that have not seen, and yet have believed." We have not seen much fruit from our labor during the past week, and yet we believe that there have been many souls that we have not of, for we see larger crowds at our meetings, and the people are getting more interested about the things of eternity. We have not seen that long-looked-for revival in Morrisburg, and yet we believe it is coming, for we see one conversion say good-bye to the disengaged devil and promise to do his whole duty in the future. Praise for us that our faith fail not.—Ensign WHITFIELD.

Montreal.

Our first week at Montreal has been a blessed one; we have enjoyed ourselves very much; but of all, we had the joy of helping

THREE SOULS TO CHANGE.

and trust they will all be true to their word. God bless them!

Things are brightening up a bit. We are going in to have a soul-saving time while here. Officers, bandmen, and soldiers are all in for a big time. Hallelujah.—J. S. MCLEAN, Ensign.

Napavine for God.

Blessed week of victory. Soldiers full of fire.

EIGHT SOULS FOR SALVATION.

Bound to win.—Sgt. HARRIS JACK, leading.

Pembroke.

The past week has been one of blessing, and God has manifested His power, the outcome three souls cut for the blessing. Sunday was a whoop-up time; soldiers getting the glory in their feet, and by God's help, danced

THREE SOULS

into the fountain. Glory hallelujah!—Lieutenant BEN GIVENS for Captain Cuthbert.

Point St. Charles.

Praise God, to-day finds Point St. Charles still alive, and going in for victory. A few

SOULS ARE COMING OUT FOR SALVATION, and under Captain Holmes we are believing for many more. The devil is not dead by any means; neither is the power of God yet dead, so you will hear from us again with better reports than ever. One soldier determined to kick the devil and will give it. You never will give over, we never will give in. Yours for God and His Kingdom.—W. GOODALE.

The Mitrailleuse

Speaking spiritually, "AT-RISK" and "DISASTER," mean about the same.

—//—

The Gospel for WEALTH.—"How hardly shall they that have riches enter heaven."

—//—

SELF-DENIAL WEEK is attracting the attention of everybody in the United States.

—//—

A CANARIE MAKER was recently converted at Madison, and immediately gave up the business.

—//—

A Cleveland, Ohio, MUSIC DEALER presented No. 1 corps of that city with a piano.

—//—

A San Francisco boot and shoe company has given the ARMY ONE HUNDRED WATERPROOF COATS.

—//—

"Our policy for 1894 will be the same as ever—ONLY MORE SO."—South African War Org.

—//—

If you want to have power to lead others, learn to control the man who wears your own hat.

—//—

There is no virtue in doing what we have to do. Even the devil will believe himself when he is chained.

—//—

Vast!—The dollars annually paid THE AMERICAN FULTON are 20,000,000. The dollars annually paid the American saloon, 1,300,000,000.

—//—

Of making many books there is no end. 6,382 new books and editions were published in Great Britain during 1893.

—//—

Diastic Reform.—PAID SOUP and HAM-CRAB MEALS are cutting the popularity of ham and bread-and-butter at Whitechapel.

—//—

Too many people pick a convert to pieces instead of cheering him. CONVERTS WANT TEA, and old drosses, fly-blister!

—//—

A religion which costs us nothing, and consists in nothing but hearing sermons, will always prove at last to be a useless thing.

—//—

Armenian, Bengalee, English, Gujarati, Hindostani, Hindi, Marathi, Singhalese, Swedish, Tamil and Turkish tunes are used in an Indian Division.

—//—

During 1893, in the English Metropolis, no fewer than thirty-one deaths were recorded upon which "POVERTY" juries had awarded a verdict of "STARVATION," or "Assassinated by Starvation."

—//—

Sir Andrew Clarke used to say, "The divine scheme of life had no PLACE IN IT FOR AZIMOS, and that healthy people who drink, did so, not for utility, but for sensual gratification."

—//—

This is how a correspondent refers to a SHEPPARD TROPHY before her conversion: "One night her husband met her at the door with a poker and threatened to blow her brains out."

—//—

Wanted, World-Wide Imitations!—The Amsterdam Town Council have let us a building for another Shelter, and sixty poor Dutchmen are profiting in consequence. The Burgomaster (or Mayor) has given £25 towards the expenses.

—//—

The Cape Colony BOOM-MARCH victories continue. Major J. R. Koch's last telegram reports a splendid break, with two hundred miners seeking salvation, thus bringing up the total to over a thousand!

—//—

The second number of the Cincinnati Search-Light (Major Conner, editor-in-chief) is a decided improvement on the first. From it we learn ELEVEN CHILDREN were recently saved at a Juniors' meeting at Cincinnati II.

—//—

Some of the field officers, who breakfast poor children each morning, have felt compelled to HELP CLOTHES TRADE. The improvement in flesh and suits of some of the bigger ones, has resulted in their getting work to help the paupers; better support younger children.

—//—

In the first fifteen centuries of its history, there were 100,000,000 converts to Christianity. In the next THREE CENTURIES there were 100,000,000 more, but in the last century there were 210,000,000 more; that is, more in one century than in the previous eighteen centuries.—Joseph Cook, Boston.

—//—

The *Printing News* says:—"Those who are still sceptical as to the Army methods should peruse the report and financial statement for 1893, and note the PRACTICAL and COMPREHENSIVE measures by which the Army seeks to set upon its legs and re-start those who have been trodden down in the distressful fight for a subsistence."

—//—

A certain field officer, in India, visits every house in his village every day, and prays in each house. If the inmates of any house happen to be out, and the door shut, he knock in front of the door, and prays that God may bless and save them where-ever they may be.

—//—

Somerville doesn't want the Salvation Army parading the streets. Somerville made his place where beer is sold and all sorts of wicked things are done, and the SIMPLE SELF-DENIAL of the Christian foot-soldier is not relished in comparison. Or, perhaps, there are too many bass singers with soprano aspirations in the ranks. That sort of thing, with bass drum accompaniment, is a trifle hard on the nerves.—*Townsend, Mass., Gazette*.

Trading the "War Cry"

FOR THE

"BUFFALO EXPRESS."

DEAR WAR CRY:—

I saw a request for WAR CRY selling in incidents in your column, so I send a few. Although we have no S. A. corps here now, we get a small bundle of WAR CRY sent every week, by the sale of which we are "holding the fort," and believing to advance the kingdom of God on earth as well as in heaven.

Last Saturday I sold one WAR CRY in the first hotel I called in; the next place I called at was a barber's shop, and there I sold three more copies. In the second hotel I went into I found a news-boy trying to sell two copies of the WAR CRY; upon my asking him how he came by them, he told me that the young man to whom I had sold them in the barber's shop had traded the WAR CRY to him for a copy of the *Buffalo Express*.

"God moves in a mysterious way," were the words that came to my mind and praying for God's blessing on the lad who had traded the WAR CRY for a copy of the *Buffalo Express* for a worldly paper, I went on to the third hotel, where the proprietor's wife told me she couldn't buy a WAR CRY because the weather was too cold. Asking God to warm her heart, I turned homeward, and called at the fourth and last hotel on my "war path." Here was the proprietor, noticing my voice was house, took a WAR CRY round to the people and asked them to buy, and bought one himself to give to a man who said he had no money. Two weeks ago a man bought a WAR CRY from me whilst I was in the Central Hotel, and when I passed through the bar-room last week I saw the man again, and he said: "I got a WAR CRY from yo last week, and my missus took a power o' good out o' that paper." Another man standing by him remarked: "I'm not Christian, but I seem to be one some time, and I'll have a WAR CRY." Begging him to decide for God right away, I went on my way praising God for the opportunity He gives us of service, especially of selling the WAR CRY.

I may just mention that my husband and I are members of the Methodist Church. My father, two sisters, and a brother are fighting under the S. A. flag, in the Chester corps. Our youngest boy has adopted some of his grandfather's S. A. spirit, for he says he "wants to grow a real 'Salvation' and wear a red shirt." Gratitude to God for personal blessings was the reason my oldest boy (aged ten years) began to sell the WAR CRY a year ago. At first it was hard work, but now we have lost all thought of the cross in the joy of God's service. I always read the CRY through first myself so as to be able to honestly recommend it to the people I meet. God bless you.

THE WAR CRY SELLERS OF DURHAM.

